

25 cents 59-8

Joe Mitchell Chapple's

April-May, 1931

NATIONAL

magazine



The month of marbles
when a good shot
counts "for keeps"



W. J. KOHLER OF KOHLER VILLAGE

AN EX-SLAVE WHO KNEW LINCOLN

WHY ROY W. HOWARD WON THE N. Y. WORLD

GEORGE H. CARTER OF UNCLE SAM'S PRINT SHOP

RABBI HARRY LEVI OF TEMPLE ISRAEL, BOSTON

CELEBRATIONS FOR WASHINGTON'S 200th BIRTHDAY

A DAUGHTER OF THE STARS - F. Phillips Oppenheim

♦♦ TO BAGDAD AND BACK ♦♦

The Romantic Travel Book Extraordinary

"The Book You Will Love to Read"

By **JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE**

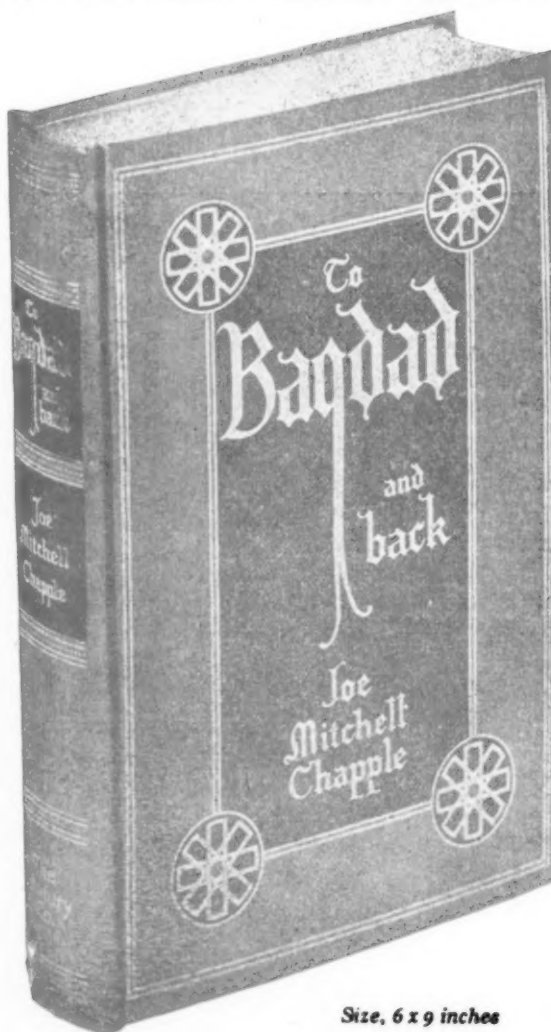
Three Hundred Pages
of Enchantment

The Book that Brings
Back Childhood's
Dreams

Wander
with its Author
Amid the Scenes of
Ancient Writ—the
Birthplace of the
Human Race

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flow'd back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
True Musulman was I and sworn,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

—Tennyson



Size, 6 x 9 inches

Sumptuously Bound
Illuminated Covers
Gilt Top

Beautifully Illustrated
with Etching and
Original Drawings
Colored Inserts
and
a Multitude of
Halftone Engravings

... Old as the hills: old as
the winds that fan the desert
sands from Basra to Barca, her
features scarred but unsullied by
the hand of Time that laid low
the Eternal City, Bagdad was
old when the mythical story of
Romulus and Remus told of the
mythical origin of Rome. Older
than the temples among whose
ruins Mary and the Child sought
shelter from the wrath of Herod;
old, nay, hoary with age—when
Moses, the Infant of the Nile,
led forth half a million freed
slaves and gave them an Empire
and a Book."

Price \$6.00 Postpaid

**The Age-Old Lure of the Orient is Packed
Within its 300 Pages**

THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK

What's In The Magazine This Month

APRIL

Affairs at Washington Joe Mitchell Chapple	283
That They May Not Have Died in Vain	288
Honoring Washington's 200th Birthday	289
As Mankind Has Interpreted Life	292
Walter J. Kohler of Kohler Village	293
Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People	295
Rabbi Harry Levi of Temple Israel	298

Contents 1931

Vol. LIX	APRIL-MAY, 1931	New Series 8
CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED		
952-956 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts		
Entered as second-class matter October, 1894, at the Postoffice at Boston, Massachusetts, under the act of March 3, 1879		
PUBLISHED MONTHLY		
Subscription, \$3.00 a Year		25 Cents a Copy
Printed by the Chapple Publishing Company, Limited		
Boston, U. S. A.		
Copyright, 1931. Chapple Publishing Company, Limited		

MAY

Why Roy Howard Won the N. Y. World	299
New Light on Mount Vernon's History	303
An Ex-Slave Who Knew Lincoln	305
Tickleweed and Feathers	306
George H. Carter, as Franklin's Successor	307
Hitting the High Spots with Nixon Waterman	310
Zane Grey and His Romances of the West	311
A Daughter of the Stars—(Serial) By E. Phillips Oppenheim	312



Why Not an Autographed Library?

Have One Section for Books Inscribed by Authors

A THREE-FOOT BOOKSHELF OF JOE CHAPPLE BOOKS that will add cheery lustre to any library. A widely-varied collection of volumes published or written by Joe Mitchell Chapple during the eventful years of his busy life. These twenty-nine fine books will be sold complete (ranging in retail price from one to six dollars each), packed in a wooden case, for fifty dollars, including a five-year subscription to the *National Magazine*. Your gift problems may be simplified with the giving of some of these splendid volumes. Joe Chapple's autograph is included in all of his books.

Only A Few Complete Sets are Available

Face to Face with Our Presidents	\$2.00	Life and Times of Warren G. Harding	4.50
History Making	2.50	Kiss O' Hollow Hours	2.00
To Bagdad and Back	6.00	Straight to the Point	1.25
Heart Songs	1.50	William Howard Taft	1.25
Heart Throbs	2.00	The Poet's Lincoln	1.50
The Minor Chord	1.50	Bits of Versatile Verse	1.00
Favorite Heart Throbs	2.00	Vivid Spain	4.00
The Scarlet Charm	2.00	Mount Vernon	1.50
More Heart Throbs	2.00	Through Realms of Song	1.25
Lava	2.50	The Gospel of Greed	2.00
"Our Jim"	2.00	A Romance of Arlington House	2.00
The Guest of Honor	1.50		
The Heart Chord	1.25	List Price Chapple Editions	\$56.50
A Vendetta of the Hills	1.50		
The Siege of Vicksburg	1.00	Five Years Subscription National Magazine	\$15.00
Canticles of the Corn Patch	1.00	(Plus value attached to autographed copies).	\$71.50
The Praise of Song	1.00		
Mark Hanna	1.00		

THIS COMPLETE SET FOR \$50.

Joe Mitchell Chapple,
The Attic,
952 Dorchester Avenue,
Boston, Mass.

Enclosed find check for \$50, for which please send me the complete set of books and five years' subscription to the *National Magazine*.

Please ship to the following address:

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....



Herbert Hoover, President of the George Washington Bicentennial Celebration, with one of his legion of loyal friends



Volume LIX

APRIL-MAY, 1931

New Series No. 8

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



FLAGS half-mast at the Capitol in Washington on a sunny day in April, 1931, told of sincere mourning by all those in service under the dome for the last quarter century, as well as the world at large. Senators, representatives, clerks, messengers, waiters, charwomen—everyone felt a personal bereavement when the news flashed announcing that Nicholas Longworth had responded to the last roll call on earth.

In the silence of the House Chamber was the gavel he wielded so justly and genially for six years, draped in black, nestling in a bouquet of flowers, a tender remembrance placed there by the veteran messengers. They looked long for the missing "mace," which is always in position when the Speaker occupies the chair. All this recalls his farewell address delivered to his colleagues at the close of the Seventy-First Congress, which seemed to carry with it a prophetic suggestion of the sad news that came from Aiken, South Carolina, on April 8, announcing that the mortal life of Nicholas Longworth was adjourned *sine die*.

Eulogies poured in by wire and wireless to the bereaved wife, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, who was with him at the end. Leaders of many nations recognized her beloved husband as one of the ablest and most popular men who ever presided over the House of Representatives. These messages were more than perfunctory words of condolence concerning the loss of "Nick" Longworth, as he was known from the days when he first arrived as a ruddy-cheeked young congressman from Cincinnati. His fondness for making friends, his natural leadership of the younger members, made all who met him feel that he was destined for promotion, for he seemed to love his work. The kindly twinkle in his blue eyes, the gentle smile, and the friendly tone of his voice, were irresistible. They were sincere expressions of an inherent nobility of soul. The son of wealthy parents, he launched his early eventful political career soon after graduating from Harvard by running for Congress in the district

in which he was born. A man of culture, he was not a "snob." Although he played the violin and piano and wore spats, he was pointed out early in his picturesque career as the most popular member of Congress. After his marriage to the charming, vivacious Alice Roosevelt at the Executive Mansion, he faced the prospects of standing in the reflected glory as a son-in-law of President Roosevelt, but undaunted, proceeded on his own responsibility in the career he had so well begun. The chandelier under which the ceremony was performed was later transferred to the speaker's room when the Executive Mansion was being reconstructed. With this souvenir of crystal prisms overhead, he often pointed to it as a reminder that he was to continue his married life in the honeymoon spirit. The last time I saw Speaker

Longworth was in this very room, while he was entertaining his daughter, Paulina, aged six, the apple of his eye. The "home ruler" that day had even made the Rules Committee of the House sit up and take notice. A cocoanut on which was carved a human face with whiskers was brought to her. She looked at it curiously, and then climbed on her father's lap, patted his cheek, and exclaimed, "Papa, why can't you have whiskers on your chin, if you haven't hair on your head?" His unfailing fairness ever enlisted the friendship of political rivals. At one time he was a very promising candidate for the presidency, but he always insisted that he would prefer to be Speaker of the House than to hold any other position within the gift of his fellow-citizens. For nearly a quarter of a century he worked and thought in terms of House rules. He was truly a "Representative" of the United States in the highest sense of the word—reflecting the superlative qualities of an American citizen-gentleman—gentle in every act and deed and a man in the full-measured meaning of that distinction. Fond of classical music, he had declared that he would like to have Beethoven's Seventh Symphony played as he drew his last breath. The matin song of birds in the southland caroled a requiem as his soul passed on to hear the angelic music in the heavens beyond.



The late Nicholas Longworth

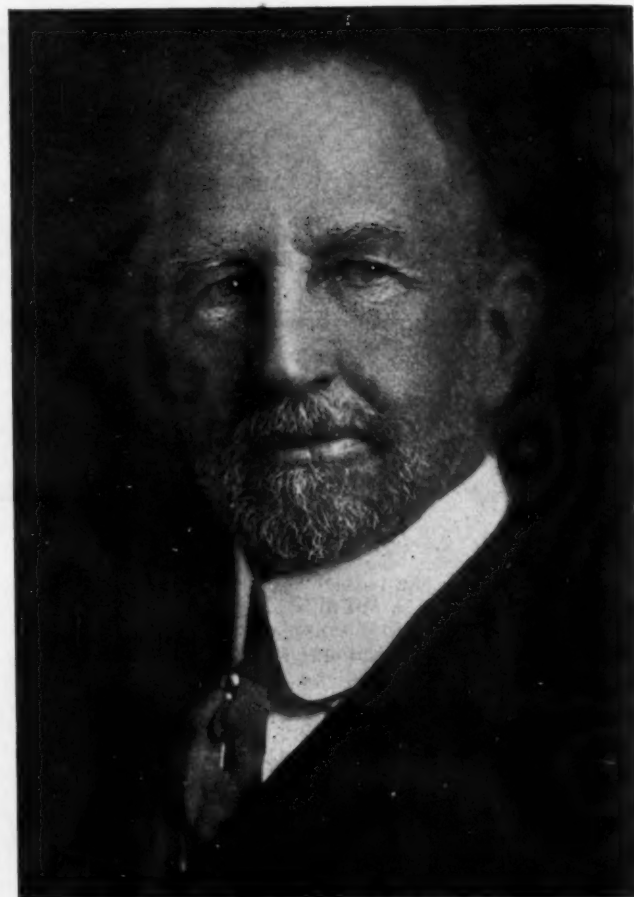
A NEED for governmental regulation has been created by necessity. A sense of humor is at last officially recognized. When the deliberations of the delegates at the Naval Conference in London were reported attacked venomously by some newspaper at home, Secretary Stimson was advised by his colleague, the late John L. Cotton, to cable back, "Opposition ridiculous. Laugh it out." The messenger returned with a troubled look. Searching through all the cable codes of the United States Government, he could not find the word "laugh." "Better have that attended to, Mr. Secretary, for if there is one thing that this government needs now and for all future time, it is a word in the code that will enable government officials to transmit the word 'laugh'." If you don't want the world to laugh at you, be able at least to transmit the information that will enable you to laugh first." It is solemnly affirmed that the omission has been rectified. The word "laugh" with the intimation of a smile can be officially conveyed in secret code, so that the departments can conduct international relations hereafter without fear of losing the likely word "laugh" from the official vernacular.

* * *

STROLLING down Pennsylvania Avenue, meeting the tide of people, parading in the sunshine for several blocks I did not discover the semblance of a smile. This encouraged me to start in on my own hook. I tickled myself under the shoulders and tried to think of something funny—continuing on with the hope that the beam- ing, full-blown smile on my face might prove infectious.



Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania



Hon. Frederick H. Gillett, former Speaker of the House

I reached a street corner, engrossed in keeping my funny bone active. One of the gallant metropolitan police tapped me gently on the shoulder. "I saw you coming, and that smile looks suspicious. Are you really smiling, insane or just a plain damn fool?" "Guilty," I replied, trying to chew gum and continue the smile, "am just trying to find one smiling face on the Avenue. Could you direct me to one?" "Go on with you," he said. "I haven't time for conversation with you slow-moving fat guys. What would the ladies think if I carried that smirk you're wearing? It won't go on in Washington—old sport!"

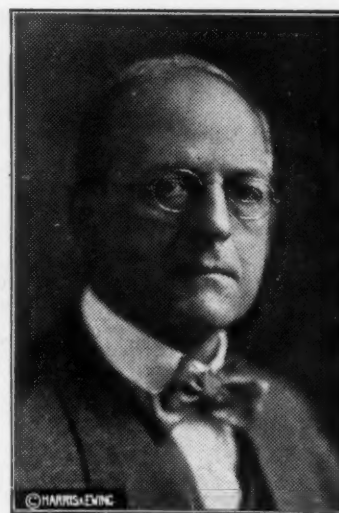
* * *

WITH his back to a window overlooking the Mall, Theodore G. Joslin, Jr., the newly-appointed secretary to the President, began giving out "statements" to his erstwhile newspaper associates in the Executive Office. They received news as he has received it "from the White House" for many years. As the correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*, Mr. Joslin proved that he understood his politics. Starting in with the Associated Press he has been thinking and writing along political lines for many years. Massachusetts-born, he still calls Reading his home. Modestly receiving congratulations from his colleagues, he took up his work in the corner room adjoining that of President Hoover with some real knowledge of what it was all about. Pen, paper, ink and a typewriter as working tools were available as he greeted many callers at the Executive Office with a nod of personal acquaintanceship. I met him as a lad attending national political conventions where he always seemed to know the ways of politicians and got "his story" filed in time to give the readers of his paper a "Scoop."

WHEREVER he may go, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has always been interested in people. When he left college to take up the work of his father, he was early impressed with the necessity of giving money for worthy causes as well as getting money. In all parts of the world one may see the benefits that have come from the total sum, approaching a billion dollars, that John D. Rockefeller and his son have given to movements looking toward the betterment of humankind. Whether in his office in New York or in his travels about the country, he maintains that modest manner of the student seeking information. In Arizona recently he was stopped on the border by customs inspectors after an excursion into old Mexico. They stopped him, and he handed them his card "John D. Rockefeller, Jr." Glancing at it with some skepticism, they put it aside as "just another specimen." "Same old stuff!" commented one old guard. "Somebody tries that game every day but that fellow looks the part." In describing the incident later, the inspector said: "He didn't offer explanations, but that name would have looked well autographed on a blank check for my wife and children after I am gone in case of necessity." During his stay in Arizona, Mr. Rockefeller said that he enjoyed one of the most complete and restful vacations he had ever had, because no one would believe that the son of John D. Rockefeller could stay six weeks in one place and not be known to his next-door neighbor.

SOON after Robert Luce graduated from Harvard he conceived the idea of setting up a press-clipping bureau to supplement his income while establishing himself as an attorney-at-law in Massachusetts. The clipping bureau gave the young barrister an idea of entering public life when he saw how easy it was to accumulate fame in the newspapers. He served as a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives and lieutenant-governor in 1912. As chairman of the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention he became

House, and, while his name has been prominently mentioned as a successor to Nicholas Longworth, the fact that he hails from New England may not enthruse the Mid-West Republicans who recall the fact that New England has had her goodly share of speakerships in these later days. Mr. Luce was born in Auburn, Maine, but has lived most of his life in Massachusetts, where he has



Representative Robert Luce
of Massachusetts

become an outstanding example of the high class stalwart citizen always ready to respond to sincere conviction and do his duty, even if it does not put him into the spotlight of leadership.

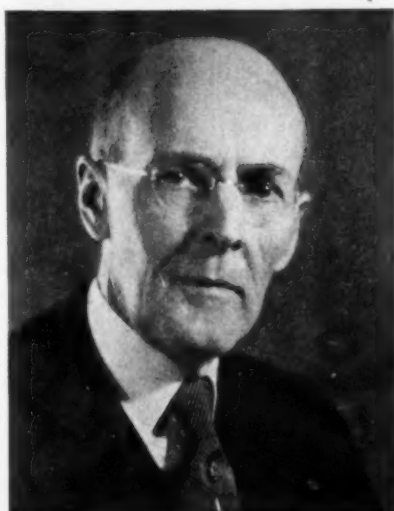
SITTING beside the late George W. Chadwick during the concert celebrating his half-century of activity as a musical composer, I marveled that one brain was able to compose in so many forms. When the Apollo Club sang his "Ecce Jam Noctis," I felt that I was standing before the portals of heaven, and then turned to see the eyes of the man glow as he listened to the music he had written. The students of the Conservatory and a legion of friends had gathered *en masse* to honor him on this occasion, commemorating in the works of one American composer a notable half century of music in America. George Whitefield Chadwick was born in Lowell, Mass., not far from the house in which Whistler first saw the light of day. He studied music in Germany, with Victor Herbert as a fellow student. Under his directorship the New England Conservatory of Music became the large-

est and one of the most famous centers of musical education in the world. Eminent young composers and artists in the country will gratefully remember this master of the art divine, who helped so many of them over the rough shoals in their professional careers. He composed five notable overtures, three symphonies, the opera "Judith" and various choral and smaller orchestral works, songs and quartettes, running far into the hundreds. His was a busy life, from the time he wrote the Dedication music for the Columbian Exposition in 1893. Among the legacies he has left is his Treatise on Harmony which is regarded as a leading text book on the subject for musicians. He continued his activities at the Conservatory to the very last day of his life, and the students of this institution, of the future as well as all of those of the past, will pay tribute and reverence to the memory of the great director whose portrait has the



John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

interested in legislative work, and has since written a series of books upon the subject that are considered invaluable and authoritative. During his long term of service in the House he has proven himself one of the leaders whose judgment is sought in a crisis. Robert Luce is called one of the straight thinkers of the



Paul J. Harris, founder of Rotary



Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth

A RADIO program verifies the claims made by admirers of the work of Irvin S. Cobb that this particular Kentucky Colonel is America's most popular humorist. Enthusiastically introduced as a wit before the microphone, he insisted on being serious and trying to prove himself the world's best reporter. The more he tried to be solemn, the funnier it seemed to his mirth-loving friends. Born in Paducah, Kentucky, he was announced as an authority on hams—for who can think of a southern breakfast without ham? It was Irvin Cobb who first glorified hospital operations, giving a graphic and humorous description of his experience of having his appendix artistically removed. He encouraged those who revel in reciting the details of "my last operation," but his great contribution to American literature is adding "Judge Priest" to the characters of American fiction—a composite character inspired by memories of childhood days. Overseas I saw him in France after the crash of Amiens when the British were being driven back. Wearing a full-blown Major's uniform, a green stripe on his arm, he cheered the boys all along the line with his irresistible good humor. At that time I described Irvin Cobb as "funnier even than he looks. He possesses a 60-H.P. brain that hits on all twelve cylinders all the time. As a reporter he's the whale's eyebrows. Before America took a hand in the War, he got the whole German General Staff so pop-eyed with amazement at his unparalleled effrontery and supreme audacity that they took down the 'Verboten' sign and let him wander

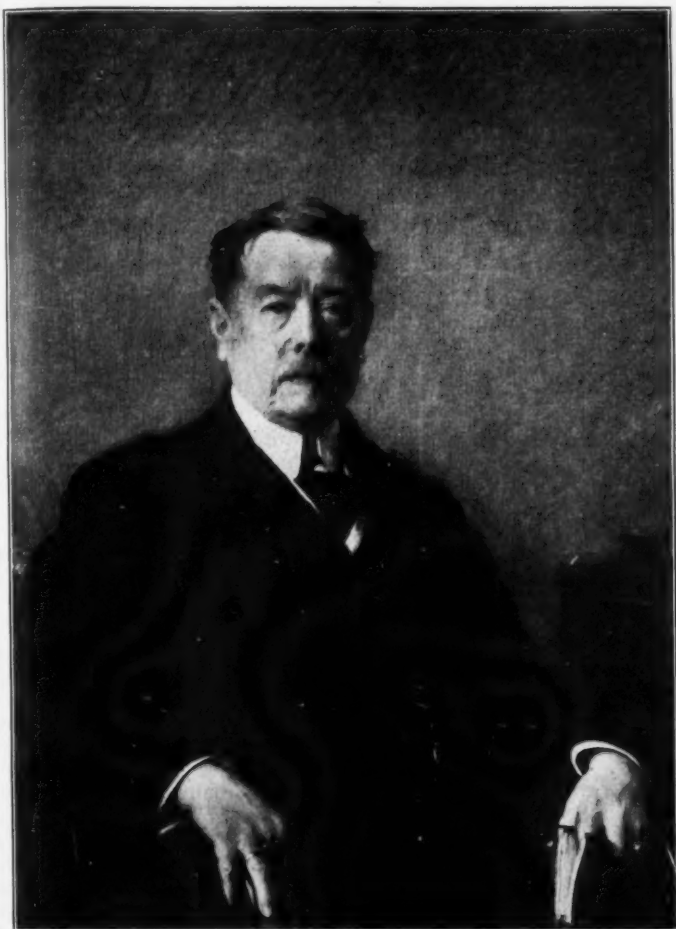
almost at will behind the lines." I found this notation in my portfolio carried overseas as a memorandum to use in introducing the genial gentleman from Kentucky.

* * *

THE map of Europe with dots indicating the location of Rotary Clubs is an impressive proof of the international growth of the organization founded by Paul Harris. It was a little over a quarter of a century ago that he conceived the idea of men in varied vocations and professions meeting together at a luncheon once a week for the purpose of overcoming the ghastly loneliness that enshrouds the average man in a great city. Beginning as a "big city" proposition, Rotary has now become an institution in nearly every one of the smaller cities as well as the larger in the country. Another Rotary convention will be held in Europe in 1931. The meeting place is Vienna, and it promises to be a gathering of more international consequence as far as concrete results are concerned, than many of the officially organized conferences between nations. The Austrian government is preparing to welcome the guests in a manner befitting the purposes of Rotary. There will be many languages spoken during the proceedings, but the spirit of Rotary is something that is not to be translated altogether in words. The insignia is a revolving wheel that symbolizes the longing for friendliness and acquaintance that is inherent in the average human being, no matter of what race or creed. The presence of Paul Harris at a Rotary convention makes one feel that the world is progressing, for within the span of his lifetime he has seen his ideals fructify in forty nations of the world, from Finland to Spain, from the tip of Scotland to Turkey, and extending from the Scandinavian peninsula to the Mediterranean. In fact, all continents of the world have already felt the radiance of Rotary.



Irvin S. Cobb, America's popular humorist



The late George W. Chadwick, American composer

high place of honor and whose memory will ever be associated with the history of music. The memorial exercises in Phillips Brooks' Trinity Church in Boston were impressive in their simplicity. The violins played his favorite selection from Bach, while the organ brought inspiring remembrance of his own compositions. The music seemed the language of heaven, which George Whitefield Chadwick understood in musical tone and phrase. In all the beauty of flower and fern, the gloomy day outside seemed only to enhance the glorious remembrance of the beloved composer and musician, who passed away as he had lived:

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.

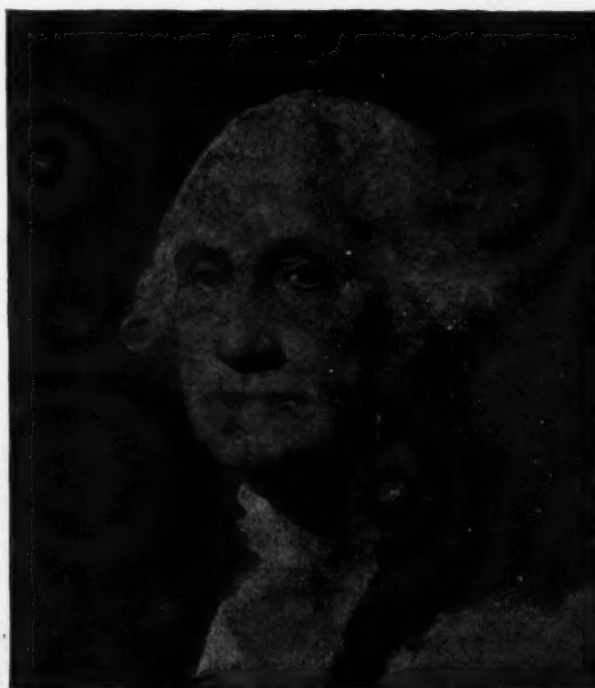
* * *

THERE are some individuals who have long had a special delight in taking a shot at Gifford Pinchot. Ever since Gifford Pinchot entered public life, he has managed to innovate something that causes a wave of discussion. Upon his re-election as Governor of Pennsylvania, he has now announced a crusade against the outworn and useless phrases used in business correspondence. The suggestion has startled some of the conservatives in the same manner in which he shook them up on his Forest Conservation program. He was originally a forester by profession and delights in hunting out things that should be corrected and carries plenty of ammunition to bag his game. There is a feeling that perhaps he has gone too far in this last attempt to blow up all the old stumps in tradition in letter writing. He insists that "yours of recent date in hand" and the reiterated "ult. and inst." which would seem to mark the period of the

wax-sealed letter dealing in ancient documents is tabooed. Even the courteous "Wishing you all the bountiful felicities of the season" and such unnecessary appendages, as a gesture of gratitude are to be eliminated. He is only following out the natural evolution in epistolary custom which has resulted in dispensing with the metaphoric perorations with which our forefathers used to proclaim them, "I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient and faithful servant." Why give them "hell" in the letter and then smooth it out with a honeyed phrase? Why not say exactly what you mean and quit? This is the gist of Gifford Pinchot's latest hobby for saving money to the state and government in eradicating the millions of useless words that might be called "persiflage" in polite terms, but is now considered "piffle" by the younger generation. The computation has been made that one-tenth of the stenographers would be out of a job if all correspondence was reduced to the Pinchot formula. This does not look much like helping the unemployment situation, and there will continue in the activities of American life some who will insist that the little courtesies and civilities in life are even more essential in bringing about a better order of things than trying to conform to the mere husks of a materialism that insists upon the last pound of flesh for profits without regard to the amenities which after all initiate the propulsive power of all progress. "Kind words" still remain "more than coronets," even if royal coronets do not seem to have a present market value.

* * *

RETURNING from the Senate in the ripened years of honors, Frederick Huntington Gillett has to his credit a high record of public service. Born in Westfield, Mass., which is in the district he so ably represented in Congress for fifteen terms—a third of a century—he brought to his native state the distinction of another Speakership of the House of Representatives presiding over that body for three terms—six years. It was fitting that he should close his busy and distinguished career in the Senate, following a long line of illustrious predecessors. In his home city of Springfield, he began the practice of law—and returned with an eminent career as a national law maker.



The ever-popular Stuart portrait of Washington

That They May Not Have Died in Vain

Text of a radio address by the editor, in which Armistice Day is designated as a day of opportunity to lend a hand to those hard hit during business disturbances

THE Pilgrim of the Air finds November 11th a homecoming day. As we gather together around the radio hearthstone in the magic of memory there comes to us tonight the thrilling remembrance of the exultation of this day—twelve years ago. Streets filled with shouting and laughing people, old and young, rich and poor, with faces illumed with the halo of peace! A joy that sank deep into the hearts!

There are really two Memorial Days—but the real Armistice Day was the climax when came the full realization that our boys were coming home, that the last shot had been fired, and that the strain and stress of grim war had passed. Everything that could make a noise, a joyful noise—bells, horns, whistles, shrieks of laughter and joy unconfined, revealed the soul of the world in its epochal salutation to peace. Tired and weary, no one wanted to sleep that night, only to rejoice on and on. There were sparkling eyes in windows through which was reflected joy inexpressible, for son, brother, father—our boys in khaki—were marching back from camp and overseas through a pathway of flowers to find that the home fires were still burning. It was the world's great day of Heart Throbs.

In this picture, we recall that undercurrent of solemnity when one looked upon the bereaved who, with suppressed tears and aching hearts wore the emblem of their sacrifice. Tears mingled with the smiles, but underneath it all was a universal prayer of Thanksgiving. Human sacrifice had ceased to be offered to the relentless maw of Mars.

When WBZ called me tonight, I felt that it was a time to voice a common sentiment, to mitigate the acrimony of elections and the struggles of everyday life to find employment. It is an opportunity to enlist in the cause of helping an army of willing workers, who are now facing a winter with that dread spectre of no job and no money to provide for the necessities of the family. This morning in New York I saw hundreds of unemployed in the streets selling apples to buy food and I had many. This has been my apple day. The spirit of Armistice Day prompts the suggestion that each one of us tonight highly resolve to do something tomorrow to help some deserving person secure employment—even at a sacrifice to ourselves—even to make a contribution out of our own slender income. The situation appeals to the boys in khaki who have seen buddies broken in body and spirits return home derelicts, the shadow of former

themselves. Let it be said for Uncle Sam that he has not been unappreciative in the billions expended for those who have deserved even more. How many of us have even thought of going to the hospitals or visiting some lonely home today, carrying a word of cheer that will not make Armistice Day a mockery to lonely souls.

One period that stands out clearly in my life's journey is the days I spent overseas, preceding this wonderful Armistice Day which we celebrate tonight. From the Italian front on the Piave, through cratered



dust of France, and on to the Grand Fleet, my eyes looked upon scenes that—even now bring a shudder. But the gruesome and tragic is today passing into the idealized glory that increases in effulgence. 'Tis well that we can forget some of the bitter things of life, but it is tragic when we fail to remember the good, the true, and the noble that have come out of this cauldron of carnage. Today I found myself thinking of my old hat and coat, and the gas mask associated with panoramic scenes that pass in swift succession—the trenches and camouflaged roads, the nerve-racking barrage, the exhilaration of getting into action, together with the tension and repression of war days. It seemed then as if I were transported to another world, with life's routine forgotten. Vividly comes again the picture of the little lad, the first soldier I saw fall, in the shell hole with his face turned toward the calm and serene stars above, while the earth rocked in carnage. Later when I looked upon his sweet boyish face, I felt that that lad had died for me—he died for my flag—and over him hung a halo of Calvary.

That is why I cannot forget! That is why I still want to see the old flag ever unfurled in my home and its radiance reflected on every public occasion, even outshining the luxuriant flowers of the banquet board typifying prosperity that fades. Old Glory still represents the flower of the manhood and womanhood, our heritage of citizenship—the enduring eternal symbol.

On this Memorial Day, we see an "America more beautiful" than ever in hope and promise. We find ourselves with reconsecrated faith in the institutions and the Constitution of our country. A great army of millions of Americans ready to mobilize and stand foursquare against the common enemy of the hour. Fear, fear, and lack of faith in ourselves and our country. If fifty million people tomorrow were to pledge themselves according to their ability—to spend an average of one dollar more every day in needed purchases that employ honest labor, it would mean fifteen billions for employment before another Armistice Day dawns. Spend as we have been blessed, with not one person receiving an income proving a slacker or shirking responsibility that is today even more of an obligation than the taxes paid on property.

Men of wealth today are contributing their proportionate share to the emergencies of this time as never before.

Some of the wealth left in large estates is being contributed by willing heirs for the use of the state in rallying the forces of employment as a privilege. After all, this country is but one big Estate—the estate of Uncle Sam—who has never failed to find worthy sons ready to die in his service. To be this is the great inspiration of Memorial Day.

Around the President of the United States have rallied all the authorities, state and municipal of all political parties to meet the foe of Hope, fearless and unafraid.

This morning I visited a mother who had tenderly taken out of the closet a uniform worn by a son who died in the service. On every Memorial Day, she brushes it carefully and hangs it in his room, as she did on the day he put it on and said "Goodbye, Mother!" It was a bright summer day when flowers bloomed and birds sang, but a heavy dread of anxiety shone in misty eyes. In the uniform this morning she placed the cheery letters he wrote her during those dark days overseas, with an outpouring of affection which she never dreamed was in the heart of her beloved. The service flag was again unfurled over

Honoring Washington's 200th Birthday

During the year 1932 a nation-wide and world-wide nine months celebration of the passage of the centuries since the birth of George Washington in February of 1732 will be directed by the Washington Bicentennial Commission with Congressman Sol Bloom at the helm

ALL signs in Washington point to the twenty-second of February, 1932, as the beginning of the longest and most notable celebration of the century. The two hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington will mark an extensive nation-wide observance. Seven years ago Congress approved a resolution to commemorate this event "that future generations of American citizens may live according to the example and precept of the exalted life and character of George Washington and thus perpetuate the American Republic."

President Coolidge emphasized the importance of this undertaking in a masterly address delivered before the members of both Houses of Congress, the Cabinet, Supreme Court and the Bicentennial Commission. This Commission had convened to make plans for suitable recognition of the world-wide desire to fittingly honor the name of Washington at this time. The coordinated programs already formulated cover much more than a one-day celebration, for the events will extend over a period of nine months.

Exercises with inspiring pageants will be held at Wakefield, the birthplace of George Washington, Mount Vernon, Yorktown and many other cities and towns in and around the District of Columbia associated with the activities of the first President, and in cities and towns in every part of the United States.

In some ways this Bicentennial celebration will be similar to the 1930 Tercentenary observance of the establishment of the Old Bay Colony of Massachusetts, where the various communities held commemorative exercises.

Every record here and abroad that relates to the career of Washington is being collected, and already the accumulation of material concerning the "Father of His Country" greatly surpasses that available to all his erudite and energetic biographers since the days of Parson Weems.

When Congressman Sol Bloom of New York was appointed Associate Director of the Washington Bicentennial Commission, thoroughly versed in Washingtoniana, he took up the work with his usual vim and vigor. Although he was born in Illinois, the home state of Lincoln, his parents heard the call of Horace Greeley and moved west, where Sol was in his infancy, which occasioned his education in the public schools of San Francisco, California. It was here that young Sol first heard the story of Washington and the cherry tree, and kept his "copy book" free from blots, imitating the example of Wash-

ington, as he cultivated the Spencerian handwriting reflected in the official signature.

Launching a career as a newspaper man, he drifted into the theatrical and musical publishing business. Coming into national prominence as the superintendent of construction of the famous "Midway Plaisance" at the Chicago Exposition, he evidenced a natural-born instinct for providing physical settings for attractions that made this famous rendezvous of pleasure a historic remembrance. Young Bloom took note of what the public wanted.

Later he plunged into the real estate and construction business in New York, where he made a success and was elected to Congress in 1923 by an enthusiastic constituency who recognized him as a real leader.

When a survey of the House of Representatives was made, after the matter of the commemoration was approved, it was felt that Sol Bloom, with his genius for constructive leadership and enthusiastic love of Washingtoniana which has been his life-long hobby, was the man to shoulder the great responsibilities of the George

Washington Bicentennial Commission in the capital city.

Soon effecting an organization, Congressman Bloom got out his blueprints and began subdividing and classifying the work in detail. Every state, city, town, village and hamlet was aroused, for was not Washington the common heritage for which those streets, parks and schools were named? This included the patriotic societies, chambers of commerce, and luncheon clubs. A book of suggestions was published that pointed out specific work for schools, libraries, churches and civic organizations of every description. The co-ordination of this phalanx of popular approval was appropriate to honoring the memory of one who founded the Republic.

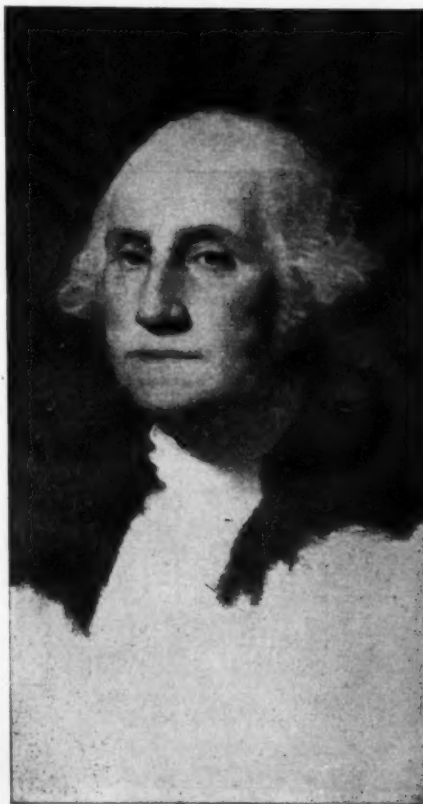
With Senator Fess and Congressman Willis C. Hawley, representing in part the congressional delegation, Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook, Mrs. Dickinson Sherman, Henry Ford, C. Bascom Slemp, Wallace McCamant, Albert Bushnell Hart, Bernard M. Baruch, and George Eastman, as Presidential Commissioners, Associate Director Bloom soon had an organization going in the Washington Building that kept the world informed of what was going on, clearly charting what will crystallize into the greatest national celebration the country has ever known. The appeal was made direct to the great masses of the people, with a special purpose of enlisting the personal interest of every boy and girl in the schools. They were counted upon to participate in this nation-wide celebration wherever they might be.

An inspiring appeal has been made to provide special programs on different occasions to discuss the life of Washington from every possible viewpoint, emphasizing that of local historical interest. Every house and every place visited by Washington will have its recognition.

Playlets and pageants based upon episodes of Washington's life are being planned by the Commission. Even the primary grades are participating in making scrapbooks of pictures and clippings of the great Washington. Essays, oratorical contests, and patriotic programs will make 1932 a busy year for the schools of America.

Seven of the months will be replete with exercises in every town, city, and state. The period extends from the birthday of Washington on February 22nd and continuing on to Thanksgiving Day—a fitting holiday for an impressive finale.

At the headquarters in Washington have been gathered reproductions of every known portrait of Washington, as well as all pictures in which he appears. Photo-



George Washington

graphs from the bust made by Houdon from life have been chosen as the official emblem. This likeness seems to give Washington a more human look than many of the other more famous portraits. The classic retreating forehead, deep-set eyes, and highly erect head, kindly lips, and firm jaw give us a human Washington, far from the cold aspect of the old-time steel engraving.

On the walls of Associate Director Bloom's offices are painting of salient incidents in Washington's life, reaching from the days with Braddock in young manhood, on to the last scene at the Mt. Vernon home. The walls are aglow with paintings that in themselves constitute a chronological record of the stirring scenes in our history associated with the career of America's first President. "Taking the Command of the Army" under the elm, "Crossing the Delaware", "Valley Forge", on to the "Triumph at Yorktown"—a panoramic glimpse of the Revolution is revealed on the canvases, many having been made under the inspiration that comes in recalling the outstanding events in the adventures of one who was "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

If the world is not well informed concerning George Washington and his ideals in the year A. D. 1932, it will not be the fault of Congressman Bloom. Supplementing the extensive list of celebrations held in various cities and towns, continuing on through the months, some of them simultaneously, every inhabitant of the Republic will have an opportunity of learning something more of the revered Washington of whom they first heard in the impressive years of school days.

A book entitled "Honor to George Washington" is being prepared by Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard for this year, with many chapters written by leading authorities on the varied subjects assigned them—inspiring biographic material which

so clearly reveals the prophetic vision of Washington. A complete classified bibliography will be handed down to future generations.

The keynote and concrete objective of all this work will be the attempt to stamp out illiteracy, a crusade conducted by Hon. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, himself a school teacher in his early days. In this campaign he will be assisted by Dr. John H. Finley, editor of the *New York Times*, and Cora Wilson Stewart, who has done much effective work in this direction.

Coincident with the educational features is a well co-ordinated plan of colonial gardens in every community. A nation-wide movement to plant trees has been organized under the direction of President Charles Lathrop Pack of the American Tree Association. This is an especially appropriate project, to associate with the memory of Washington, who loved trees and gardens, and knew their value, so vividly exemplified in his personal supervision of the trees and shrubs that adorn his own plantation in Mount Vernon.

Motion pictures and Braille printing, for the blind, provide an objective, a creative and visual education in the relief maps, following the details of Washington's trip to the north and west, the Battle of Trenton, culminating with a vivid picture of Yorktown at the surrender.

Art galleries aglow with paintings and sculptures and relics pertaining to George Washington and his time will mark the 1932 exhibits. Betimes, radio broadcasting and news reels will give information to more people about George Washington and his movements in one hour than was possible in all the years he lived, through the newspapers and other public information sources of his time.

The year will also mark a high tide in the collection of Washingtoniana. The commission will provide libraries with an

ample supply of material concerning Washington and the incidents connected with the founding of the Republic. Banks, railroads, hotels, street railways, insurance companies, radio programs, to say nothing of the magazines and newspapers, will stimulate co-operative participation in the swift-moving commemorative events that mark the two hundredth milestone that has passed since the birth of the blue-eyed boy at Wakefield. This birthplace has been restored as far as possible to provide an exact reproduction as it appeared on the fateful day of February 11, 1732. Since the time of Washington's birth the calendar was moved ahead eleven days, and that is why February 22nd is celebrated rather than February 11th.

The preservation in a park of the natural beauties of the Potomac River, loved by Washington, is a feature that is an appropriate recognition of Washington's dominating love of the outdoors. This area extends from Mount Vernon to the city he founded and which bears his name, on to the Great Falls of the Potomac, where he had dreams of great water power developments that seem quite modern in these days of highly developed hydroelectric power. A portion of the old "Patowmack" Canal, the construction of which Washington supervised, will be restored.

The engineering profession of the United States will restore some of the old locks and embankments suitable for preservation as a permanent memorial to the first engineer President of the country, a memorial to be dedicated by Herbert Hoover, the present Engineer Chief Executive. It is fitting that this celebration should come in the administration of Herbert Hoover, the first man of Washington's profession to succeed him in the presidency.

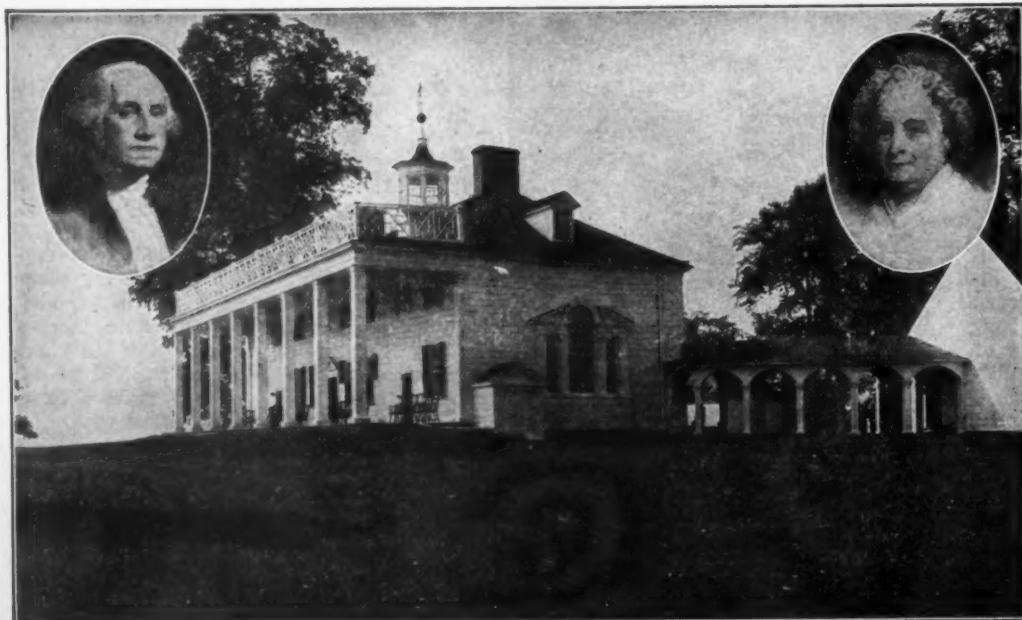
Altogether, the beauties and benefits of the Washington Memorial Parkway will be an enduring tribute to Washington that will be shared by the people for all time, an appropriate setting for the "capital beautiful."

The plans that have given to the world the most attractive and artistic capital of any nation were supervised by George Washington. Concerning this, President Hoover has said:

"It is our national ambition to make a great and effective city for the seat of our Government, with a dignity, character, and symbolism truly representative of America. As a Nation we have resolved that it shall be accomplished."

A fitting overture for the bicentennial celebrations next year will be the commemoration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis, which will occur at Yorktown, October 19, 1931.

The first shot of the bombardment was fired by General Washington himself, which began the siege that marked the end of British rule in the colonies. This scene suggests a dramatic prologue for the observances of 1932.



Carlock

The Mount Vernon of today, with portraits of General and Mrs. Washington

It recalls the meeting of the armies of three nations, France, England, and the United States, on this battleground peninsula of old Virginia, where the star Washington appeared in the firmament of eternal remembrance. It was the dawn of peace and the glow of the victory in which a great nation was born. Among those participating in this climatic scene in the life of Washington was young Lafayette, twenty-four years old, who was then in command of the American forces in Virginia.

Directly behind Washington on that day of the surrender was General Von Steuben, one of the soldiers of Frederick the Great, the drill master at Valley Forge, who helped to prepare the Continental Army for the victory that followed. In the group was Alexander Hamilton, a brilliant soldier, but with greater fame to follow as Secretary of the Treasury, and leader in the formation of the Republic. The cast of characters in the finale of the Revolution included General Knox, the expert artilleryman, who became the first Secretary of War, and then there was General Lincoln, bearing a name that was to become still more famous in American history, and the intrepid General Meuhlenberg. Color was given to the scene with the blue flag of the state of New York, the white flag of Rhode Island, the red flag of Connecticut, and the green flag of Pennsylvania, which designated the various regiments that participated in the closing siege. The white flag with the lilies of France was entwined with the tattered colors of the Continentals. It was then that the American Commander-in-Chief gave utterance to the great peace slogan, as his men began their triumphant cheers: "My brave fellows, let no sense of satisfaction for the triumphs you have gained induce you to insult your fallen enemy. Posterity will huzzah for us."

There was a sober look on his face, for Washington realized that although victory

was shining on a flag that had been the symbol of hope and the emblem of a nation there were critical times ahead.

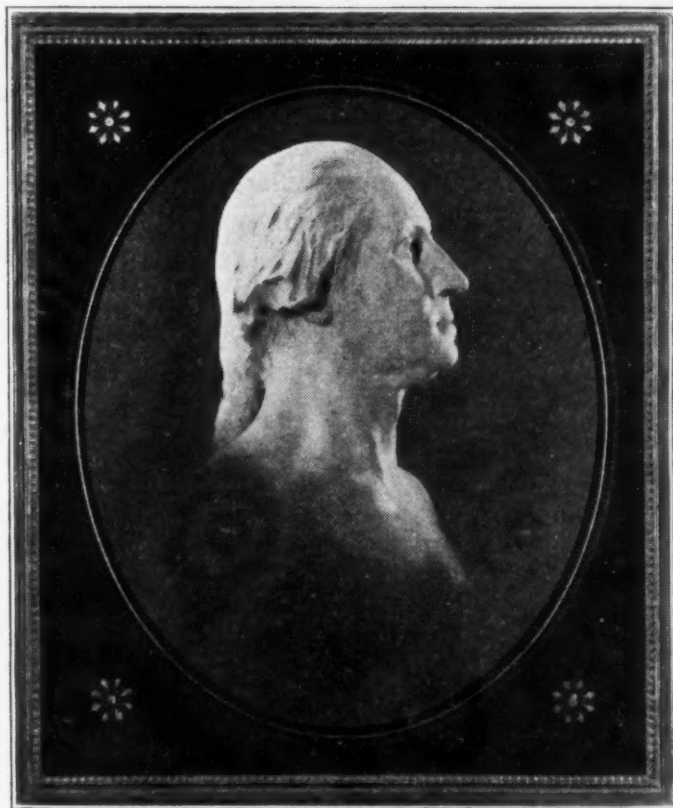
On the centennial day of this surrender in 1881, the present imposing monument was dedicated by President Chester A. Arthur, recalling the morning in the echoes of a century when a drummer appeared on the British parapet and beat a parley that signaled the end of hostilities.

* * *

On this occasion descendants of the American's French, Irish, British and Germans, who played their part in the great drama of Yorktown, foregather in the felicitations of friendship and good will on earth, as a sequel to the echoes of that last cannon salvo at Yorktown that proved a salute to a new nation, the nation conceived in a struggle for liberty, to be known in all future time as the United States of America.

The year will mark progress in the completion of plans for making the capital named for Washington "a city beautiful." At its axis stands the Washington Monument, an obelisk which every American schoolboy and girl dreams of ascending under the lights that now guide the tourists by day and aviators by night. The inside set stones are assembled from every state and territory in the nation which Washington founded, together with memorial stones from legions of civic organizations and groups of citizens eager to contribute to this lasting memorial. On the two hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth, in 1932, will occur the formal dedication of the last two stones, one from Idaho and one from Hawaii. As eternal companion pieces to Washington Monument are the classic Lincoln Memorial, looming up beyond the lagoon on the Mall, and the new Memorial Bridge, entering Arlington Cemetery, costing \$14,500,000. This beautiful archway over the Potomac connects the Mall and the scenes of activities of America's eminent men with their last resting place at Arlington, leading to the vast marble amphitheatre and tomb of the Unknown Soldier, which, it is hoped, will mark a monument to the last of wars, in the hope for an enduring peace of which Washington dreamed during his closing days at Mount Vernon.

The Houdon Bust of George Washington has now been officially selected as the representative likeness of our greatest American, and will now be used exclusively by the

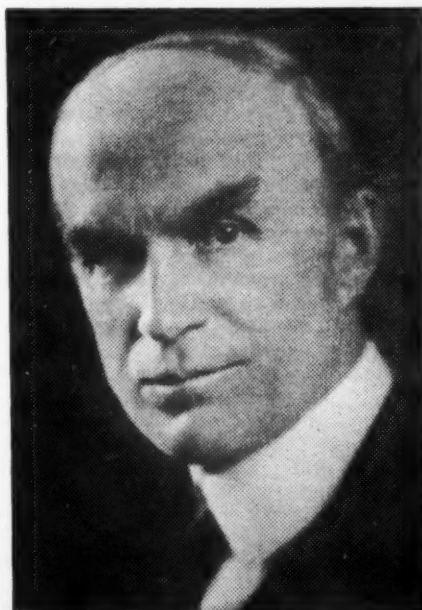


Official Portrait of George Washington.
Photograph of the famous Houdon bust at Mount Vernon.

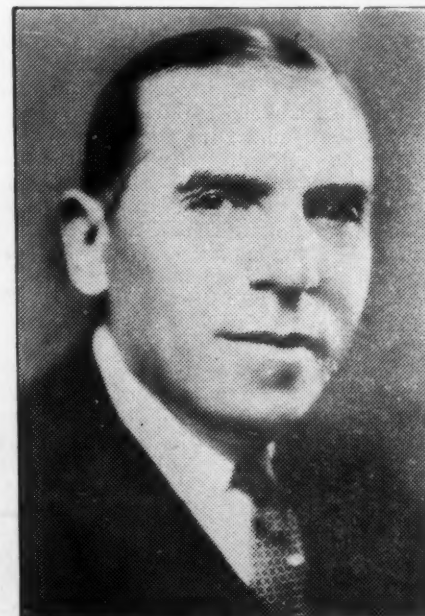
George Washington Bicentennial Commission in its work of making Americans acquainted with the real Father of His Country.

The choice of the Houdon bust was arrived at only after long and earnest study and consideration. A great number of paintings of Washington were studied and compared. Many were felt to be excellent and faithful representations of Washing-

Continued on page 315



Hon. Simeon D. Fess,
Vice-Chairman, George Washington
Bicentennial Commission



Hon. Sol. Bloom,
Associate Director, George Washington
Bicentennial Commission

As Mankind Has Interpreted Life

Anderson M. Baten has gathered within the bounds of a volume the gems of thought he has found during his lifetime of intensive reading that relate to the eternal question of a true philosophy of life

ANDERSON M. BATEN'S "Philosophy of Life" is the kind of a book that most of us have had a hankering to write ourselves. We are all fundamentally interested in discovering a true, or at least workable, philosophy of life, and many thoughtful persons pursue that object from the cradle to the grave, their minds ever feverish for the light, in vain. In Mr. Baten's volume of almost seven hundred pages a wealth of materials may be found with which to mould a satisfying philosophy of life.

Mr. Baten, who, by the way, lives in Dallas, Texas, in his preface revealed the reason for publishing his book: "And as I have been going through life gathering these principles I did it for one purpose only, and that was to strengthen my soul. And as I have been growing older I have said to myself, 'Why not pass this vast knowledge of gems to the next generation?'" His lifetime of reading seems to have been eminently well spent, for his work is unique in subject-matter, treatment, and richness in rarely found selections.

"The Philosophy of Life" may be called an elaborate scrapbook. Except for eighty pages in which the author describes the history of civilization in relation to the philosophy of life, the volume is entirely devoted to well-chosen selections from the works of eminent thinkers on this theme. A vast diversity is noticed in the writers quoted, ranging in time from Aesop to Grantland Rice, and including such dissimilar thinkers as Buddha and William Jennings Bryan, Confucius and Lord Chesterfield, Louis XIV of France and Walter Lippman. Probably every important philosophy of life is exemplified in Mr. Baten's book, running the gamut from Omar Khayyam's to Christ's. A like diversity lies in the size of the selections, which range from a four-word quotation taken from Solon to a thirty-nine page quotation from Francis Bacon.

The following haphazardly-picked passages taken from "The Philosophy of Life" may serve to show the general scope of the work:

A MORNING WALK

A walk on a summer morning; the glistering of the dew; the song of the birds; the racing of the hare across the field; the lowing of the herd; the soaring of the lark; the cooing of the dove; the humming of the bee; the warbling of the bobolink; the verdure of the hills; the fragrance of the flowers; the laughter of sweet childhood; the chatter of the aged; the distant whistle of the youth as he goes out to harvest is a sweet blending of God's universal love. Truly, he is a fool who says in his heart "There is no God."—C. M. Joiner.

The profound stanzas by the same author aptly illustrate the spirit of many of the philosophies of life revealed in this valuable volume:

DEATH

What is death we all so dread?
Is it the termination of a life that has fled,
Or is it a transition from cares of earth
To the realms of bliss and perpetual mirth?

If death is a transition from earth to bliss;
The meeting of loved ones long we have missed,

Why should we dread the narrow span;
The narrow divide to the spirit land?

The reason is plain when you come to think
That the laws of God are a dividing link,
And he who transgresses the laws that were given
Stands aghast at the thought of the transition.



Anderson M. Baten

Another poem is quoted from Sir Walter Scott:

"Oh, many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May sooth or wound a heart that's broken!"
—Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)"

From Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" is taken this helpful paragraph:

"The world is a looking-glass and gives back to every man the reflections of his own face. Frown at it and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion, and so let all young persons take their choice."

"The Philosophy of Life" abounds in inspiring and enheartening thoughts, as is instanced in the poem "Think," by an anonymous author:

"If you think you are beaten, you are:
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you like to win but think you can't
It's almost a cinch that you won't.

"If you think you'll lose, you're lost:
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will:
It's all in the state of mind.

"If you think you are outclassed, you are:
You've got to think high to rise,
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.

"Life's battle's don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can."
—Anonymous."

As is to be expected in a work of this sort the proverbial passages embodying a philosophy of life find a place in the book, such as "Invictus," "It Couldn't Be Done," "Thantatopsis," "O, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" Kipling's "If," and the soliloquy of Hamlet. Not the least among gems of thought are written by Anderson M. Baten himself, who penned these lines and many others:

"I would rather have a large heart than a prodigious brain."

"I would rather have you speak what you think than to see you live behind a mask of vanity and hypocrisy."

"A man, to prove his moral greatness, must conquer himself."

Further significant thoughts by the author and compiler of "The Philosophy of Life" are these:

"A good man has meekness in prosperity and fortitude in adversity."

"The young man who works his way through college has a degree that is too precious to be given by human hands; too sacred to be scrolled upon sheep-skin."

"A man who has his statue chiseled out of the finest Italian marble has not accomplished anything, unless he has embedded his character into the hearts of the people."

"There is many a great man who does not belong to any society and is without emblems or regalia, but has a membership with all humanity."

"The sooner we come to understand that things can be done without our assistance, the sooner we reach our philosophy of life."

Walter J. Kohler of Kohler Village

In addition to his eminent service in the gubernatorial chair of Wisconsin, this distinguished statesman has helped to build a famous village that is regarded as a model for the world

HAVING visited many well-known model towns abroad, I was naturally interested in the first paragraph I chanced to read concerning the village of Kohler, Wisconsin, and Walter J. Kohler, the man behind the idea. This famous locality is a neighbor of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, a city that I described years ago as a city of "cheese, chairs and children."

When I arrived at the village of Kohler I felt that the Kohler vision had been crystallized with every assurance of permanence, thus marking Kohler Village as a distinctive and even epochal landmark in community building.

Years ago, in 1873, his father, J. M. Kohler, established at Sheboygan, The Kohler Company, with a factory production at first of farm implements and later enameled iron and vitreous china plumbing fixtures, plumbing brass, and electric plants.

In 1899 the plant was removed to a site four miles west of Sheboygan. Shortly after removing, the father died, leaving three of his sons in charge of the business. This factory burned to the ground, but young Walter Kohler and his brothers were not daunted, but carried on with the work. At a most critical time two of the brothers suddenly died, and Walter was left to his own resources. Happily, there were his inspiring mother and sisters, each absorbed in the family and the family enterprise. As the years progressed, the Village of Kohler developed according to their ideal. The village of Kohler is divided into zones with an industrial area located on a broad avenue bordered by elms. Opposite the industrial area are found the Village Hall, the American Club, the drugstore on the corner, and the attractive shops in an ensemble of artistic buildings that reflect beauty as well as utility. In a number of these shops are shown displays of Kohler products—an art exhibition in itself, attracting thousands of visitors a year. The

street lamps are of ornamental design, and every thoroughfare presents a beautiful vista.

Walter J. Kohler visited the well-known model and picturesque industrial villages of the world; in fact, the entire



Hon. Walter J. Kohler

family of brothers and sisters brought home ideas from their travels that have evolved in a modern way in Kohler Village.

Each home in this village of seventeen hundred inhabitants is distinguished architecturally and includes modern appointments. The houses are built by the Kohler Improvement Company, a non-profit corporation, which provides a sound and liberal plan of financing, enabling persons of modest means to own beautiful homes.

Once a year a model home is built on a favorable location, furnished to the last detail, and landscaped as a "Demonstration Home." It is visited by thousands of people during the Summer and is finally sold at cost. The home for 1930 was one of the most attractive I have ever visited. My gracious wife and I both felt that none could wish for a better home and she wanted to move in then and there. Members of the Kohler Woman's Club, including Miss Marie C. Kohler, Miss Lillie B. Kohler and Miss Evangeline Kohler, all sisters of Walter J. Kohler, have charge of planning and furnishing the demonstration home every year. The fact that this complete house and grounds sold for \$6,435, foreshadowed even greater things for the future of this little city.

Spacious park areas have been set aside for the enjoyment of the villagers. There is an open-air amphitheatre in a picturesque glen, where entertainments of every sort are given. From early spring until late in the autumn the gardens of Kohler are a profusion of flowers, revealing a setting of natural beauty in every vista. The rich soil and the sunshine that prevail here inspire Nature to her happiest mood.

The educational as well as the social structure of the village is well-planned, with excellent elementary, junior, and senior high schools, which are fully accredited by the colleges. Special courses in home economics, arts, and manual training are offered, so that the winter days in Kohler are busy, with evenings occupied by continual rounds of entertainments of several descriptions.

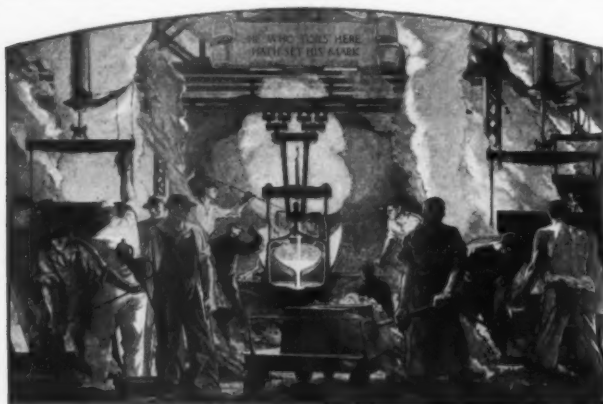
The Girl Scouts, the Boy Scouts, the



Entrance to Kohler Public School



Homes on Church Street in Kohler, Wisconsin



"Tapping a Cupola," a mural by Arthur Covey in the lobby of the Kohler Company office

Woman's Club, and the religious interests of the village are all well represented and properly accommodated. A monthly magazine known as "Kohler of Kohler News," detailing the news and recording the comfort and enjoyment of the village life helps to make Kohler about as nearly ideal a town as any in the world.

With this environment of homes, it is not difficult to envision the high type of the Kohler plant, beneath the clock in the tower, a landmark of the town. The entrance is adorned with mural paintings by Arthur Covey, reviewing in striking colors and heroic figures the activities of the plant and the glory of toil.

In all parts of this country and in many foreign lands the products of the Kohler Company have earned a superlative reputation. When you mention plumbing and the acme of perfection in this vocation, Kohler's is acclaimed as an outstanding production. Soft artistic shadings of the enamel and new modern ideas are being constantly evolved by a corps of skilled craftsmen, artists, and workmen who are continually planning how to increase still further the quality and beauty of the Kohler bathroom and fixtures.

An old wag once said that a hotel or a town is judged by its bathrooms and plumbing. If this is true, Kohler Village deserves a high credit mark, for here home products dominate, conspicuous in their high level of artistry and utility.

Three years ago the Kohler Woman's Club won recognition as one of the ten leading clubs of the country in point of rendering service appropriate to the needs of the community.

Recreational activities, including about everything that could be desired by the people, are fostered by the Kohler Recreation Club. A volunteer band of one hundred pieces, sponsored by the club, has figured conspicuously at several conventions of the National Association of Master Plumbers. During the 1930 convention these happy troubadours made a conquest of sedate Boston, the musical and cultural center of the country. It so impressed Mr. Nixon Waterman, the poet, who viewed the performers from his office in Copley Square that he was moved to write the following poem:

Our charmed New England ears when they marched down the streets of Boston.

'Tis well amid the stress of trade, that Beauty finds a place,
To give the harsher things of life a touch of tender grace;
And may we, in the days to come, as we, life's waves, are tossed on.
Behold again the Kohler hosts march down the streets of Boston.



New homes in Kohler Village

Concerts by this band are musical events in Wisconsin. On one occasion the famous Sousa's Band was entertained at Kohler and the Kohler Band played under the personal direction of the imperial "March King" and world's most beloved band leader—Lieutenant-Commander John Philip Sousa.

Battery C of the 121st Field Artillery, W. N. G. is a village organization that carried off honors in competition, with their equipment of four 155 mm. howitzers.

Now for something about the man whose executive personality is reflected in this achievement. He is first of all a workman

It was a moment plumed with pride,—a feast for eye and ear;
A memory-haunting episode; a joy to see and hear;
A gesture crowned with glad good will, with not a touch of frost on,
When Kohler's beauty-breathing band marched down the streets of Boston.

Trade envoys from the "Badger State,"—gem of the Middle West!—
Glad couriers of Commerce on its highest plane expressed:

And may they feel that not a note of their glad gift was lost on

and craftsman, one who knows how to join with his fellow workers in accomplishing superlative, worth while results. Concentrating every energy upon the development of his business, he was surprised when friends approached him to become a candidate for one of the four delegates-at-large from Wisconsin, to the Republican National Convention in 1928. Later he was urged to become a candidate for governor. He reluctantly entered the race and was nominated after a vigorous five-weeks campaign covering eighty thousand miles in sixty-nine out of seventy-one counties in the state, speaking six and eight times a day.

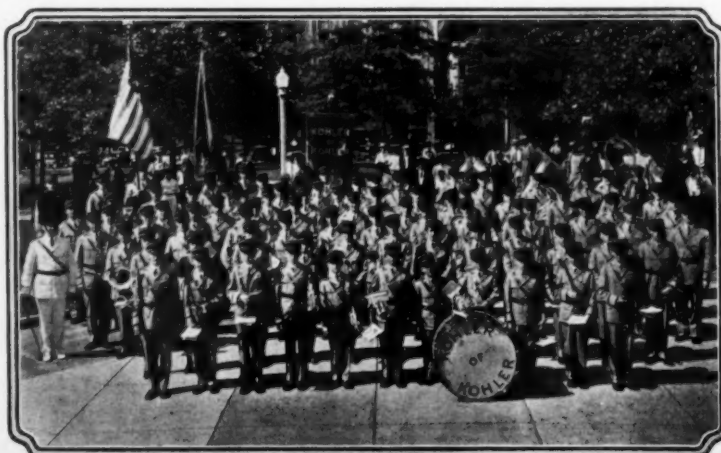
Up to that time he had never run for any office, absorbed as he was with his plans for the upbuilding of his home town, in connection with the industrial plant which was growing steadily in making products sold over the world. Improvements typical of a town of fifty thousand people with a one hundred percent equipment of gas, electric light and sewers, indicate the scope of his vision. In business he was recognized as progressive, which applies in his public service, maintaining the same balance of judgment in political affairs as in the conduct of his private business.

Shortly after his inauguration as Governor came a great bereavement, when his devoted mother passed away.

Seated in the Governor's chair at Madison, he gave the work his undivided attention, even making trips to and from his home in Kohler by airplane to save time, utilizing the fine airport that his home town had provided.

Although the majority in the legislature was opposed to him politically, he called in the members one by one and outlined his program without feeling or prejudice. In spite of early opposition in the legislature his budget program was adopted almost unanimously, with only a few negative votes in the State Senate and the Wisconsin Assembly. Keeping in mind the supreme objective of eliminating waste, he amalgamated many of the overlapping bureaus and concentrated the purchase of state supplies in one department. Wisconsin has no bonded indebtedness, which necessarily requires close management in providing the funds from year to year to care for the

Continued on page 315



The world-famed Kohler Band

Why Roy W. Howard Won the N. Y. World

An inside biographic character sketch of the dynamic personality who heads the Scripps-Howard Newspapers, that now include the renowned "New York World" created by Joseph Pulitzer

By JOHN WHARTON

A MAN in whom there are many contradictions, possessing a galloping tongue that cuts like a whip, is Roy W. Howard, chairman of the board of the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

He is hard; he is kindly, a glutton for work, with a yearning for play. His volatile wrath is feared by fellow-executives and star reporters, yet he is a friend of the young cub who falls down on the job because of inexperience.

He is tight; he is generous. He is unrelenting or sympathetic, by turn. He is ready to forgive the consequences of a mistake up to the time that it is discovered to be a mistake. But once a man knows that he is wrong, Howard expects him to acknowledge it frankly, and alter his position.

He wears flashy clothes, yet he insists that the typographical dress of the Scripps-Howard newspapers be plain and simple and dignified.

He is impatient, yet bases his business calculations on a long haul.

Frequently he goes into a thing, sure that he is right, listens to the views of others—and changes his mind. Again, with a preponderance of argument against him, if he still feels that his view is the right one, he says:

"Well, maybe I am wrong, but I reserve the right to be wrong. Let's do it my way, on my responsibility."

He never pulls his punch in combat; he takes his punishment without a murmur when he feels that it is coming to him. It requires no exertion for him to see the justice of the other fellow's position. Because of this, there is, perhaps, no other organization in the world where greater freedom is felt in the expression of opinions than is felt at conferences of Scripps-Howard executives.

Two years ago, at a meeting of Scripps-Howard editors and other officials in French Lick Springs, Ind., W. W. Hawkins, general manager of the organization, was acting as chairman. Howard had gained recognition and was addressing the gathering. Finally he said, pointing to an editor:

"John, I'd like to hear your opinion on the subject."

BANG! The gavel of Hawkins sounded. Hawkins said:

"Roy, if you don't mind, I'll run this meeting. Don't you think that that would be better?"

Howard grinned. "Yes, Bill," he said, "I believe it would." And sat down.

Again, at the same meeting, Howard was in a far corner of the assembly hall, talking in undertones with three or four editors. Hawkins rapped for order.

"Gentlemen", he said, looking toward the little group, "I wish you would pay attention to what's going on in this meeting."

The group dissolved at once.

Let it not be understood by this that Howard has moments of timidity. He hasn't. "The meek," he says, "will never inherit the earth."

He was in a fighting mood when, in the recent negotiations for *The World* newspapers, others suddenly appeared as bidders for the properties. What Howard resented was that no one had seen fit to go to the rescue of the declining publications until Scripps-Howard had obtained a tentative contract for their purchase. James W.

Barrett in his book "The World, the Flesh and Messrs Pulitzer," describes a telephone conversation between Howard and Paul Block, one of the eleventh-hour bidders.

"Block: but, Roy, I didn't know that it was you who was after the property."

"Howard: But you were trying to spoil our party. You got yourself into it. Now get yourself out."

Block: But, Roy, give me something. Let me have the Sunday paper."

"Howard: Oh, just something to remember me by."

Block withdrew his bid.

From the heat of battle, after the purchase of the *World* newspapers had been accomplished, Howard returned to his office at 4 o'clock in the morning. A half score news reel men and reporters from various papers were gathered there to get a statement from him. Telephones were ringing for him. Telegrams were pouring in. In

four hours *The World* and *The New York Telegram* must be on the streets, merged into one newspaper. While *The Telegram* organization, rather than Howard himself, must accomplish that task, the general responsibility was on him.

Many things were on his mind, but as he stepped into the reception room of his office, his gaze rested at once upon two office boys who, carried away with excitement, had stayed on with the office force. Howard called an assistant to him:

"Ben," he said, "those boys should not have been permitted to stay up this late. Send them home. They should have been asleep hours ago."

Howard had had little sleep for a week.

Two or three years ago Scripps-Howard bought a newspaper in an eastern city. The concern had taken charge at midnight, Saturday. A trouble-shooter from Scripps-Howard general offices had been sent to the scene to cut the paper over to what the organization believes a newspaper should look like. This man worked all of Saturday night, all day Sunday and was still on the job when Howard arrived at the plant at 10 o'clock Monday morning. Passing down a narrow aisle between desks, the trouble-shooter did not move fast enough to suit Howard, who was near him.

"Hurry up, Jim, let's act like we were going some place," said Howard.



Roy W. Howard of Scripps-Howard Newspapers

Zane Grey and His Romances of the West

This renowned writer, descendant of a famous family of frontiersmen, inherits the love of the great out-of-doors, reflecting this love in his life as well as in his books

By E. HARVEY SLAGLE

ROMANCE is often more important in the heart than in the environment.

It blossoms as vigorously in the desert as in the rose-garden, but it requires the magic of an artist's pen to weave around rugged and homely settings a spell that rivets the attention and strikes a responsive chord in his heart. Hawthorne struck this chord in the attic of an old house, Cooper in the woods among the Redmen, Eggleston in the Hoosier State, and Garland on the bleak and snowbound prairies of South Dakota. Others have found the setting of their romance in the islands of the sea or the sunny southland; but it has remained for Zane Grey to find abundant material in the sequestered valleys, the precipitous cliffs, the roaring streams, the fastnesses of the wilderness, the burning sands of the deserts, and the barren majestic mountains, on "locations" in Texas, Arizona, Colorado, and Idaho.

In one respect, at least, Zane Grey is particularly fortunate, for he has a worldwide following of readers, and the sale of his books run into millions of copies—because he always has a heart story to tell.

While most persons are familiar with Zane Grey's works, few have read of the man himself. As fascinating a figure as any character in his books, Zane Grey's habits and characteristics are strikingly those like one would expect, but hardly hope to discover, in a writer of western stories.

Grey is an incessant traveler, a keen disciple of Isaac Walton, a yachtsman, and a lover of nature in her wildest moods. As restless as a will o' the wisp, he is here today and gone tomorrow—and always busy. Sometimes he vanishes into the desert lands of Arizona for several months. When he returns, his literary game bag is filled with material for a new romance—which partially answers the questions how he can pack fresh new plots into his stories and draw such life-like pictures with words on the printed page. Another explanation of his realism lies in the fact that he considers hard work a large part of inspiration and he labors long in building on the foundation of a face-to-face contact with the setting and characters of his tales. Little wonder, then, that few writers rival him in his powers of vivid description and narration.

Zane Grey's name has led some to believe him a woman, despite the outstanding virility of his works. His first name was taken from his mother, who was a member of the famous Zane family that pioneered in the early days of the West. The father of Zane Grey was a backwoodsman, hunter, and farmer until the later years of life when he took up the practice of medicine.

Appropriately enough, Zane Grey was born in Zanesville, Ohio, the town founded by a maternal ancestor who had been presented with ten thousand acres of land on the frontier by General Washington, in recognition of his service in holding Fort Henry, now Wheeling, West Virginia, for two decades against Indian attacks. With such a red-blooded ancestry, it is small wonder that Zane Grey has devoted his literary talents to stories of the West, to

life on the prairies, plains, and deserts, where he is naturally at home.

Zane Grey's personality is no less delightful than his books. His athletic figure of medium height is graced with sparkling dark eyes, a firm mouth usually wreathed in a pleasing smile, and a face bronzed from his years of out-of-doors life. Affable and entertaining in conversation, though not fastidious in dress, Zane Grey is a beau ideal of the plains.

Zane Grey's virile volumes have poured incessantly from his pen for over a quarter of a century. Beginning with "Betty Zane" in 1904, he has published over forty novels, including "The Last Trail," "The Lone Star Ranger," "The Wanderer of the Wasteland," "The Thundering Herd," "Wild Horse Mesa," and "Fighting Caravans." Some of his books have used settings on the water, like "Tales of Fishing Virgin Seas" and others have been written expressly for boys, like "Ken Ward in the Jungle" and "The Young Pitcher." But whatever his aim or setting, Zane Grey produces noteworthy works.

In his preface to "The Last Man" Grey has given us a glimpse of the forces that have impelled him to write:

"I have loved the West for its vastness, its contrasts, its beauty and color; and life for its wildness and violence, and for the fact that I have seen how it developed great men and women who died unknown and unsung."

"People live for the dream in their hearts. I have yet to know anyone who has not some secret dream, some hope however dim, some storied wall to look at in the dusk, some painted window leading to the soul."

"Romance is only another name for idealism, and I contend that life without ideals is not worth living."

"My inspiration to write has always come from Nature. We are all dreamers; if not in the heavy-lidded wasting of time, then in the meaning of life that makes us work on."

As an author, Zane Grey runs true to form and has given young people books that are clean, wholesome, and full of the vigor of life—life as it should be lived.

Literature is richer the longer Zane Grey continues to portray the beauties of the rugged mountains and vast plains, the waste lands of the desert, and the motives that direct men's lives and deeds. Every human heart still yearns for the kind of romance revealed in his tales. Like us, he has dreams and builds "castles in the air" out of his ideals. Yet, what matter it if these castles fall and we must build again? "Let us," Zane Grey has said, "live for the dream in our heart."



Zane Grey feels at home among the Pinto Indians



Zane Grey in Tonto Basin, Arizona

New Light on Mount Vernon's History

Minnie Kendall Lowther in her "Mount Vernon, Its Children, Its Romances, Its Allied Families and Mansions" has gathered together little-known but fascinating facts about Washington's home and its associations

One of the outstanding contributions to Americana during the past year has been made in a volume by that delightful writer, Minnie Kendall Lowther, concerning the legends, romances, and human characters associated with the pre-eminent shrine of America, the home of Washington. Under the title of "Mount Vernon, Its Children, Its Romances, Its Allied Families and Mansions," published by the John C. Winston Company, this work deals with affairs there in a finely sympathetic way. The portrayal of Washington as a man, especially in his romance with Martha Custis, reveals a kindly understanding that is seldom met with in these days. A perusal of her book, embellished with a rare collection of pictures that enhance the value of the volume, is perhaps the nearest equivalent to visiting the shrine itself.

Miss Lowther's "Mount Vernon" diverges from the usual book in its treatment of the subject. It is divided into four parts. The first concerns the story of Mount Vernon from the appearance of the Washingtons in early colonial days, and relates the high lights in Washington's life, especially his charming romance. The second part is a careful record of his American ancestry, a record that is authenticated through painstaking research. The next describes the life of the beautiful ward of Mount Vernon, Nelly Custis, and her other homes, Woodlawn, Audley, and Abingdon. A genuine contribution is made here in the publishing for the first time of the genealogy of Nelly Custis's children.

The final part treats of "Arlington and the Child of Mount Vernon," wherein is told the little-known story of Arlington Cemetery and the Arlington mansion, with the Custises, the Lees, and the White House (renowned for its association with the Washington-Custis romance) in the background.

Miss Lowther's treatment of George Washington's romance with Martha Custis reveals a delicate touch, and deserves generous quotation:

"Martha Dandridge Custis was young, beautiful, and wealthy. Colonel Washington was just from the field of his early military fame, and all that woman could ask in honor and manliness; so it is hardly surprising that decisions were quickly made, or that the appointment with the Governor, the prancing charger and waiting veteran, and all else were forgotten under the spell of this new fascination, for, they tell us, Colonel Washington stayed on and on, all unconscious of passing time. The evening shadows lengthened; the sun dropped behind the western sky; and still the faithful Bishop

waited and marveled over his chief's dealty, as he murmured to himself, 'Tis passing strange—this man noted for his promptness, never known to be a moment behind his



Washington and Lafayette at Mount Vernon

appointment. What can it mean?"

"In the meantime his solicitous host, observing the waiting veteran with amusement, prevailed upon the young officer to remain overnight, saying that no guest ever left his door after sunset. The weary Bishop, to his great relief, was now ordered to put up the horses for the night, and the sun was high in the heavens on the following morning when the enamored officer rode away to dispatch his urgent business at the Executive Mansion. When this was done, he went immediately to the 'White House,' as the home of Mrs. Custis was known, and to the colored servant who met him at the ferry, he said, 'Is your mistress at home?'"

"'Yes, sah' was the laconic reply, and with a broad grin which displayed his white teeth, the negro added, 'I reckon you's the man that's 'spected.'"

"He doubtless was, for we are told that he carried her promise with him when he returned to camp."

This romance was consummated in a wedding ceremony that Miss Lowther describes with an abundance of details not often found in a work of this kind:

"The Washington-Custis wedding was an event of January 6, 1759, but where it took place is still a debatable question. However, home or church, the ceremony was solemn-



Pathway from the Potomac to the tomb and the mansion

nized by the Reverend Mr. Mossom, who had been the officiating clergyman at the former marriage of the bride, and the nuptials were attended by gaiety and revelry. The good, the great, the gifted, and the fair mingled in the vast throng. It is said that no other Colonial bridegroom ever graced his wedding with more stately dignity than did Colonel Washington, who stood six feet two inches, with an avoirdupois of one hundred and

"Among the witnesses to the ceremony was Lieutenant Governor Fauquier of Virginia, in brilliant uniform of gold and scarlet, with bagwig and dress sword, surrounded by a group of British officers, resplendent in their colorful trappings. Members of the Virginia Assembly and other notables were present.

"The bride's coach is described as gay with the red and white colors of Mr. Washington. It was drawn by six horses under the direc-

for some sign of hope. He had contracted a severe cold while out in the rain a few days before, and all remedies seemed to fail. He had remained up so late the night before, as if seized with some presentiment that this was the end, that Mrs. Washington chided him when he did at last come to his room. 'I came as soon as business was accomplished,' he replied, without further explanation. But it was evident now that he was going; he said but little, though he admitted to an old servant that he was very ill. Then to Doctor Craik, his earliest companion-in-arms and bosom friend, he said, 'I am dying, sir, but am not afraid to die.' He requested Mrs. Washington to go to his desk and bring him two papers. When she returned, he said, 'These are my wills—preserve this one and burn the other.' He then requested that his body be kept the customary three days, inquired the time, which lacked but a few minutes of ten o'clock, and spoke no more. So quietly did he steal away that those about him scarcely knew when he ceased to breathe. Doctor Craik closed his eyes. Mrs. Washington, who had been sitting at the foot of the bed, now calmly asked, 'Is he gone?' and on being assured in the affirmative, added in the same quiet tone, 'Tis well! All is over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through.'

"The casket was selected at Alexandria the following day. It was mahogany lined with lead. At the head were the words, 'Surge Ad Judicium'; near the center, 'Gloria Deo'; and on a small silver plate in the form of the American shield one read:

George Washington
Born February 22, 1732
Died December 14, 1799

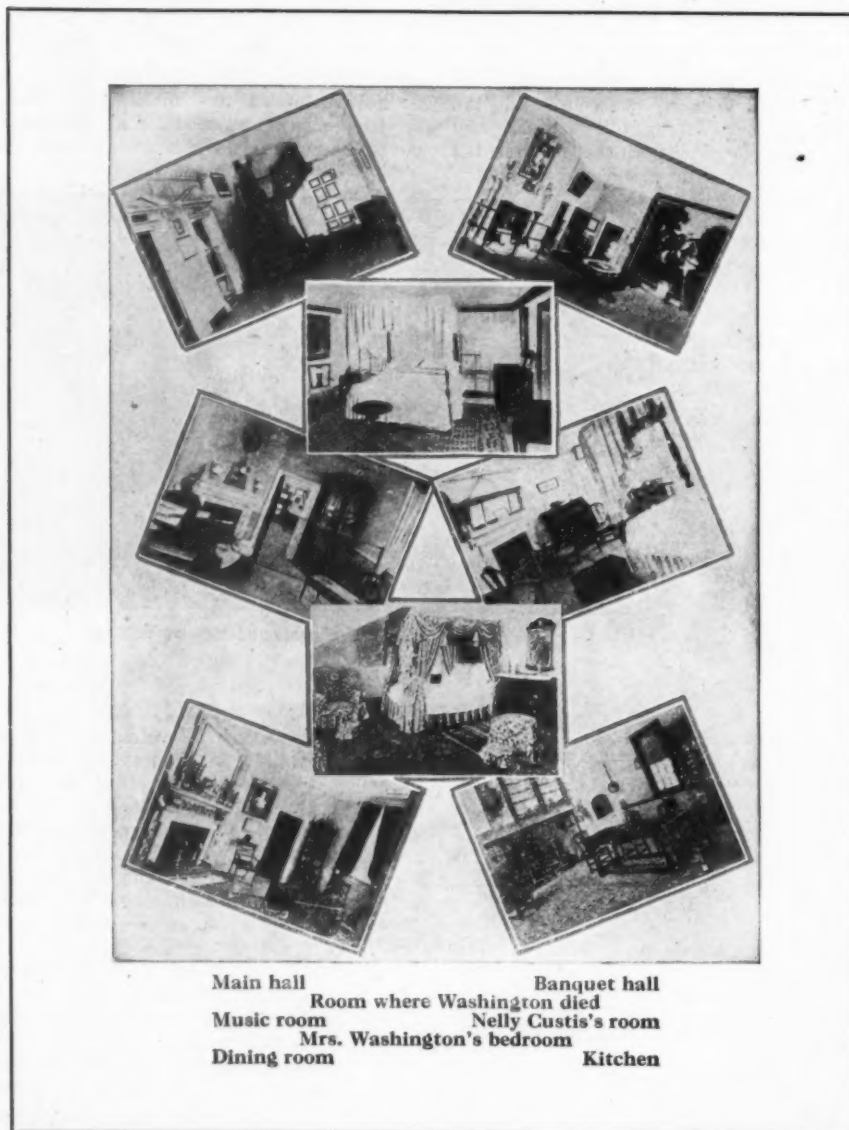
The funeral took place at noon on Wednesday, December 18, and was the most memorable in the history of the country. Washington's riderless horse, with his saddle, holsters, and pistols, led by two grooms, was an impressive feature of the large procession that followed the casket to the Old Tomb, which had been built under his direction some years before. The rites of the Episcopal Church, the ritualistic ceremony of the Masonic order, and the military with its customary firing of musketry and artillery paid united tribute. The committal service of the Church was read by the Reverend Doctor Davis.

"After his death, in accord with the custom of closing the death chamber for three years, Mrs. Washington changed her room to the attic, where she could look out from the dormer windows upon his grave. Here she spent her last moments, on May 22, 1802.

"This, too, was an impressive hour. It was midnight on Saturday when the end came. The final scene was as calm and serene as the passing of a gentle summer evening. The 'Alexandria Advertiser' of June 2, 1802, says:

"She took the sacrament from Doctor Davis, imparted her last advice and benediction to her weeping relatives, and sent for a white gown, which she had previously laid by for her last dress; and this was the end."

"She rested beside her husband in the Old Tomb until 1831, when both were removed to the present one, after ghouls had attempted to steal the General's skull. A crypt had been designed for his sepulcher at the Capitol, and Mrs. Washington had consented to have his remains taken there with the under-



seventy-five pounds. His suit was of blue and silver with scarlet trimmings and a waistcoat of white embroidered satin; gold buckles adorned his shoes and garters; his hair was powdered in accord with the custom of the times; and his dress sword hung at his side.

"The bride, who reached only to his shoulders, was charming in an imported gown of yellow brocade, flamboyant in design, with trimming of fine white lace looped over a white silk petticoat, quilted and threaded in silver. Her slippers were of rose-colored satin, elaborately embroidered in silver, with high French heels, and she wore pearls in her hair. Three beautiful bridesmaids were in attendance.

tion of black postilions in livery. The bridegroom upon his richly caparisoned charger rode at the side of the coach, attended by a cortege of mounted gentlemen. It has never been definitely decided as to whether the nuptials took place at the White House or at St. Peter's Church, but the description left to us as above, and other circumstances, point strongly in favor of the church."

Not only happy events yield to the gentle pen of Miss Lowther, for the tragical scenes of Washington's death in the grand mansion are portrayed in a masterly manner:

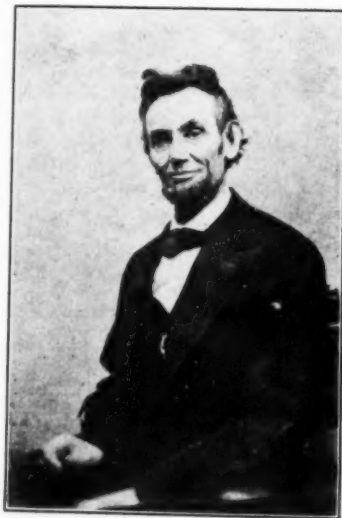
"It was the night of December 14, 1799, that a small group of tear-stained watchers drew nearer the couch of the great General

An Ex-Slave Who Knew Lincoln

Esther May Carter's recent book reveals the delightful story of Nancy Bushrod, an emancipated negress, who met the Great Emancipator on the day of his assassination.

His kindly counsel proved an enduring inspiration

A CHARMING little book is "She Knew Lincoln," published at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, and written by Esther May Carter. Within the bounds of twenty pages is reverently told the story of



A photograph of the Great Emancipator by Alexander Gardner in 1865

Nancy Bushrod, an emancipated negress, who was given a never-to-be-forgotten interview with Abraham Lincoln on the day of his assassination and the day before Lincoln's life became epitomized in the words "Now he belongs to the ages." Nancy and her husband, Tom, were both slaves on a planta-

tion near Richmond, but, upon learning of the Emancipation Proclamation, the family moved to Washington, where Tom joined the Army of the Potomac and Nancy endeavored to find work, but without success.

"One morning the children cried because they were hungry, and Nancy's mind snapped into resolve. She would see the President himself and ask him to help her get Tom's pay. Tom was fighting for the Union, and the Union would help her find food for Tom's children; and to Nancy's simple mind the Union was—Abraham Lincoln.

"She hadn't touched food for two days and was faint from her five-mile walk when she reached the White House. 'Business with the President?' the guards at the gate asked, in good humor. Her answer was grim: 'Befo' Gawd, yes.'

"Let her pass—they'll stop her farther on,' she heard one guard say, so she took a deep breath and went on. The guard at the main entrance stopped her: 'No further, madam. Against orders.' But in a flash she darted under his arm and went straight to the guard at the farther door.

"Fo' Gawd's sake, please lemme see Mistah Linkun.'

"Madam, the President is busy; he cannot see you.'

"At this Nancy must have given a little cry, for, in her own words, 'All of a sudden de do' open, an' Mistah Linkun hissef stood lookin' at me. I knowed him, fo'dar wuz a whimsy smile on his blessed face, an' he wuz a sayin', deep an' soft-like, 'There is time for all who need me. Let the good woman come in.'

"He heard her story through, then said: 'You are entitled to your soldier-husband's pay. Come this time tomorrow, and the papers will be signed and ready for you.' Then, as she turned to leave—'Honey, I couldn't open my mouf to tell him how I'se gwine 'membah him fo'evah fer dem words, an' I couldn't see him kase de tears wuz fallin'—he called her back:

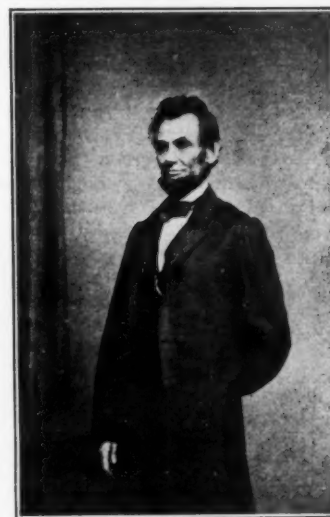
"My good woman, perhaps you'll see many a day when all the food in the house is a single loaf of bread. Even so, give every child a slice, and send your children off to school.'

"With that, the President bowed—'like I wuz a natch-ral born lady,' Nancy always tells it, and turned to a table piled high with work."

The sequel is a touchingly happy one. When she learned the next morning that her friend of the White House had been assassinated, Nancy Bushrod, heartbroken, became inspired to make this vow:

"Befo' Gawd I swear it, I'se gwine ter fin' wuk, I'se gwine ter make Mistah Linkun's words come true. I'se gwine ter sen' my chillun off ter school!" And this vow she

fulfilled. Singularly enough, she secured a job in Ford's Theatre, where "for four years she reverently scrubbed the steps that Lincoln had climbed that tragic night when he went to the theatre "to forget his cares."



A photograph of President Lincoln by Brady in 1865

"An' I nevah done no holiah wuk," she always said. Nancy Bushrod sent her children to school, and today one of the sons is a minister in Detroit, another a professor at Tuskegee, and her granddaughter is an outstanding scholar at college.

It is like a breath of fresh air to read a book like "She Knew Lincoln" in these days of cold-eyed biography. Esther May Carter's

Continued on page 314



The Great Emancipator would have broken the bonds of ignorance as well as of slavery



Ford's Theatre, where Nancy Bushrod reverently scrubbed the steps Lincoln had trod

Rabbi Harry Levi of Temple Israel

In addition to his manifold duties in this Boston synagogue with the largest Jewish congregation in New England, this clergyman has found time to play in the community a prominent part in the promotion of the religious, inter-racial, and international good will

ON the religious horizon few signs of the approaching dawn of the fraternity of faiths are more cheering than the increasing co-operation of Jew and Gentile as exemplified among the best clergy. And of those of the Jewish faith, no leader wields a greater power for good than Rabbi Harry Levi, of Temple Israel in Boston. His is the largest Jewish congregation in New England, embracing over three thousand members. It would seem that his pastoral duties would fill his day's schedule to the brim and overflowing, but Rabbi Levi somehow finds time to play in the community a role that would do credit to a battalion of ordinary men.

At any of the conferences of faiths in the vicinity of Greater Boston, held to promote understanding and hence good will among religious bodies, it would be a surprise not to find the pastor of Temple Israel present as the representative of the Jewish faith. His penetrating mind, combined with an irresistible liberality of thought, and his fervent pleas for fulfilling the brotherhood of men, have done much toward insuring the success of the conferences. These same characteristics are manifested in his sermons that are broadcast regularly over the radio by a Boston station. Floods of letters from listeners have poured in, testifying to their being benefited by hearing him expound his liberal philosophy of the spiritual and mundane realms.

A mention of some of the directorships held by Rabbi Levi suffices to show the far-reaching scope of his activities, extending to several different fields of human endeavor. As a fervent advocate for peace, he is active as a director of the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association and the Fellowship of Youth for Peace. To satisfy his innate desire to serve humanity in as many ways as possible, he has become a member of the Boards of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association, the Religious Education Association, the Jewish Big Brother Movement, the Harry Burroughs Newsboys Foundation, and the Brookline Friendly Society. Among his other directorships are those in the Twentieth Century Club, the Florence Crittenton League, the Foreign Policy Association, the General Theological Library, the Japan Society, the Bureau of Religious Education, and the Massachusetts Civic League. At present he is active as a member of the Massachusetts Emergency Unemployment Committee and the New England Association of America. This imposing list, however, does not complete the roster of his activities. In that famous home of free

speech, the Ford Hall Forum, Rabbi Levi serves as the vice president. As a recognition of his abilities and accomplishments, he has been elected an honorary member of the City Club, the Harvard Divinity Club, the Elysium Club, the Shawmut Lodge of Masons, and the Pine Brook Valley Golf Club.



Rabbi Harry Levi of Temple Israel

In the growing city of Cincinnati, Ohio, on August 7, 1875, Harry Levi was born. His precocity permitted his admittance into the Hebrew Union College when he was but thirteen years of age, and there he launched his long and arduous career in theological studies, a career that continues to this day. This young man then matriculated at the University of Cincinnati, graduating therefrom just as he attained his majority. In this graduation year of 1887 he was ordained a rabbi and began his rabbinical duties at Wheeling, West Virginia. While there, he helped to organize the Associated Charities and Playgrounds, a Child Labor Committee, and a Tuberculosis Sanatorium, activities that were to be reflected in his later career. The year 1911 marks his momentous decision to accept the rabbinate at Temple Israel in Boston, where he is still serving.

Temple Israel has witnessed a tremendous growth since the time Rabbi Harry Levi was installed. At the synagogue today a religious school of four hundred and fifty children is conducted, in addition to

seven branch school. Temple Israel has also a Brotherhood of seven hundred and thirty members, before whom prominent speakers frequently appear, a Sisterhood of seven hundred and twenty-five, and these smaller organizations: the Temple Juniors, Discussion Group, Booklovers Organization, Little Theatre, and Choral Society.

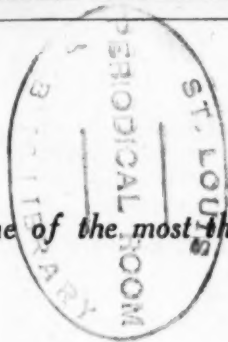
Rabbi Levi remains one of the foremost expositors of the Jewish faith. In a radio address on "Why I am a Jew" on January 4th of this year, he stated what he thought were the fundamental beliefs common to all Jews, namely:

- I. God is one and only one, creator, preserver and ruler of the universe.
- II. Man is fashioned in the image of God, endowed of triumphing over sin and developing toward perfection.
- III. The soul of man is immortal; righteousness will be rewarded and wickedness will be punished.
- IV. The mission of the Jew is to teach by precept and example, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.

In an address on "We Moderns" Rabbi Levi thus explained his attitude on "modernism":

Does not our hope lie here, as in the whole conduct of life, in our ability to discover the happy mean? Let us reverently study the past; we are indebted to it. It has done so much for us, and it can do so much more. Largely history is loved for our profit. Let us be reverent of the past and be grateful to it. Not all that is ancient is antiquated. Much that is found and achieved is of permanent value. The Decalog is old, but it is still needed. The past can still teach us and bless us. But while we gather its wheat and voice our heartfelt gratitude for the harvest, let us have no hesitating in casting aside the chaff. Only let us make certain that what we reject is chaff. Age may be no proof of value, but also it is no proof of worthlessness. Much that is old is still good, more valuable indeed often than when it was new. And as we hold fast to every old, time-tried truth, let us open our arms in welcome to every new truth. Only again, let us be sure that it is the truth. Not all that is new is true. Much of it is not only false but mischievous as well. We dare not be prejudiced against what is new. We have to give it a hearing, an opportunity to explain and justify itself. And once we have met it, we needs must compel it to justify itself. No reputable scientist dreams of announcing a discovery until he has subjected it to every possible test and, through rigid experimentation, has demonstrated its validity to his own satisfaction. We need to deal in similar fashion with every new idea, every new plan, every new law, which asks our approval. We owe it the open mind, but we have a right, nay, a duty, to demand that it brings its credentials before it can have our loyalty. We want the truth and we care not whence it may first have seen the light today. It is the truth, we welcome it. "Stand ye in the

Continued on page 314



A Daughter of the Stars

One of the most thrilling stories ever written by the world-famous novelist, who has few equals in the art of drawing life-like word-pictures

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

CHAPTER VII

OVER breakfast I told Maurice the whole story of my adventure. We continued discussing it long afterward, lounging in low chairs upon deck and smoking—I my pipe, and Maurice innumerable cigarettes. Somehow Maurice took it a little more seriously than I had expected. His first half-impatient query remained unanswered—a somewhat perplexing problem.

"What the mischief are we going to do with the girl?" That was without a doubt a quandary, and a rather awkward one. However, as I explained to Maurice, I had scarcely as yet exchanged a dozen sentences with her. We need not take it for granted that she was friendless or that she had lived on the island since her childhood. The probabilities all seemed to point the other way. There was nothing in the least uncouth about her appearance or manners. She spoke the purest English, with just a slight American accent.

"I dare say," I remarked, carefully filling my pipe, "that she has plenty of friends in India and will be only too glad to be landed at Colombo. In any case I don't think that she will be much of a burden to us."

"It isn't exactly that," Maurice said. "Only one gets so sick of women on shore that it has been a perfect luxury to be absolutely free from them for a while. I am a little superstitious, too," he added calmly. "I always look upon a single woman as country people do upon a single magpie. They bring bad luck. By the by, that reminds me. There's a man on board who wants to talk to you."

Maurice blew his silver whistle. The boatswain came hurrying forward.

"Send Hooley here," Maurice ordered.

In a minute or two Hooley stood before us. He had a squat but honest face, and he wore earrings. He was evidently much embarrassed.

"This fellow knows all about your delightful island," Maurice said, turning to me. "You have been there often, the first mate tell me."

The man pulled his cap respectfully.

"I've been there, sir," he answered.

"Two years ago was my last trip there. I was mate on a Rangoon trading vessel running to the Philippines, and we used to call there regularly. Very go ahead people for niggers, sir!"

"So I found them," I remarked dryly.

"You'd have been all right, sir, begging your pardon, sir, if you hadn't run amuck with them on the religious tack. There's

no shifting them off that. The Czar of Russia ain't no more a despot than that High Priest of theirs. If he told 'em all to cut their throats they'd do it. Begging your pardon, sir," the man continued, turning more directly to me, "there's some talk amongst the men as how you'd half killed him and brought the young woman away out of the Temple?"

I nodded.

"Something like that did happen," I admitted.

"It was a rare plucky thing to do, sir—

begging your pardon, sir," the man said gravely, "but—but—"

I looked up at him from the depths of my chair. His face was troubled and perplexed. He moved uneasily from one leg to the other.

"What is it, Hooley?" Maurice asked. "Speak out, man."

"You see, sir," Hooley explained, "I've been there pretty often, and I know how much store they set on that High Priest. What I want to say is this, sir, in the way of a warning and meaning no offence. This



"Maurice stood there for several minutes, his head bent a little forward, his hand upraised."

thing ain't done with. If you've struck the High Priest a single blow, there's them amongst 'em as 'll follow you for it half over the world. There'll be no more festivals on the Island of Astrea until either you or the young woman has been the victim."

Maurice smiled incredulously. I laughed outright.

"Why, you are as bad as the natives, Hooley," Maurice declared. "How could any of that half-naked, ignorant crew follow us to England, and what could they do if they got there?"

Hooley shook his head.

"Three years ago, sir," he said, "our first mate when he was half drunk chucked a pebble at the High Priest because he wouldn't trade for rubies. The next morning he was found dead in his cabin, fifty miles out at sea, with a poisonous snake in his bunk. Lord only knows how it got there. I know that's true, because I was the one to find him, and there's many other tales of the same sort."

"Never mind the other tales, Hooley," I said. "This High Priest is certainly a wonderful looking man. Do you know where he came from? He could never have been a native!"

"They say, sir, as he is an Indian Prince who has lost caste and found his way to the island by accident. I don't know the rights of that. Anyhow, he was educated at Bombay University, and he can speak any language under the sun. He is a physician, makes gunpowder, and has taught them natives a sight of things. He can lead 'em just like blind sheep. They used to worship some sort of images up in that Temple before he came, but he converted them to Star worship. They very nearly killed me once, because I climbed up a tree to look at him when he was walking in the Sacred Grove."

We both laughed, yet we were both a little impressed. He was evidently desperately in earnest.

"I've no doubt they're fanatical enough for any mischief under the sun," I remarked thoughtfully, "but after all I don't see what we can possibly have to fear now. If I were on the island, I wouldn't give a snap of my fingers for my life. But as to their following me, to England or anything of that sort, well, frankly, I think it's all rot."

"Well, it don't seem likely and that's a fact, sir," Hooley admitted. "Maybe I'm overskeered! Anyway, sir, you're very fortunate to have got safe off."

The man touched his hat and withdrew.

Back across the sea I looked into the blue mists somewhere amongst which lay that Island of Astrea, and notwithstanding the hot sun, I felt a shudder pass through my veins. It was not that I had any further fear on my own account. I was possessed in those days at any rate of an average amount of common sense, and I knew that when once I found myself in my own country, any idea of pursuit or revenge on the part of these islanders was the most positive and futile absurdity. But on the other hand, I had no doubt but that they would revenge themselves on the first white man whom chance or hope of profit should lead to these shores. Maurice, who was lounging by my side, with a book turned

face downward upon his knee, seemed to be impressed with a similar idea.

"I tell you what I think, old chap," he remarked presently. "Old Posset's chief at Colombo, you know. We'd better go and see him, and tell him all about it. Any traders likely to call there from Rangoon or Colombo ought to be warned. Those fellows will about eat the next white man they get hold of."

I nodded.

"After all, it's a pity we didn't kill that fellow," I said thoughtfully; "No doubt he deserved it, and it would have been safer."

An unfamiliar sound—the slight rustling of a woman's dress upon the deck, attracted our attention. Maurice looked quickly around. My shoulder was as yet too stiff for me to turn without difficulty.

"It's our guest, Maurice," I exclaimed. "Great Scott!" We both rose to our feet. Maurice threw away his cigarette, and I laid down my pipe upon the deck. The girl came toward us, her lips half parted in a faint smile, her dark eyebrows raised as though in mute protest. Her head was quite uncovered, and the slight breeze was blowing through the waving ripples of her hair. To us her dress seemed wonderful. It was fashioned from the white robe which she had worn in the Temple of Astrea, but a few touches seemed to have converted it into the semblance of a striking but sufficiently conventional costume. Around her waist she still wore that strange girdle of wrought gold. She was wearing stockings, but no shoes, and she walked with something of that wonderful grace which seemed to be her only kinship with those dusky women of Astrea. As our eyes met hers, a brilliant smile flashed over her face. Coming straight up to me, she held out both her hands and grasped mine. She did not speak at once, but her eyes slowly filled with tears. I felt a little embarrassed, and stole a half glance at Maurice. He was not smiling or noticing me in any way. His eyes were fixed upon the girl. Her appearance had apparently taken him by surprise.

"Come and sit down," I said, pushing my deck chair toward her. "I am glad to see that you look all right this morning."

"I am quite well," she said in a low tone. "How is your shoulder?"

"Only a little stiff," I answered. "This is my brother Maurice."

She raised her eyes, and held out her hand shyly, over which Maurice bowed profoundly. I wish that he would go away, for the girl was evidently suffering from a very natural nervousness. But he remained leaning against the deck rail, and the girl sat with eyes fixed upon her lap, and the color coming and going in her cheeks.

"I can't think how you managed to make your dress look so nice," I remarked.

She laughed a little.

"Oh, I am used to making things," she said. "This was not difficult, there was so much of the material. But it is not finished yet. I just put it together anyway so that I could come out."

"It seems very mysterious to us," Maurice remarked pleasantly. "I am so sorry

that I had no one to send to help you. Jim and I are bachelors, and this is a bachelor's cruise. We have not a woman on board."

She had raised her eyes for a moment when he had first spoken. Since then she had been looking steadily at the horizon.

"How far are we away?" she asked abruptly.

I looked over the vessel's side.

"About one hundred miles," I replied. "We have seen the last of the Island of Astrea. You do not want to go back, do you?"

She drew in her breath, and her cheeks were suddenly pale. With a quick movement she passed her arm through mine and held my hand.

"Never! Never!" she cried passionately. "Oh, my God, it was horrible!"

I held her hand tightly and declined to look at Maurice.

"Well, it's all right now," I said consolingly. "You will never see the wretched place again. We are getting further away every moment."

She leaned forward and looked over the vessel's side.

"We are not going very fast, are we?" she asked timidly.

For the first time I noticed that we were certainly not exceeding half speed. I glanced toward Maurice.

"No, we are going slowly," he admitted. "You see, we hadn't finished repairing the engine shaft properly before you people came, and we had to patch things up and bolt. However," he added, turning toward the girl with a smile, "I don't think they will be able to catch up to us in canoes."

"In canoes!" she repeated quickly. "Why no! But they have a steamship like this—only bigger!"

CHAPTER VIII

AT first we scarcely believed that the girl was speaking seriously. We looked at one another, and then at her in blank amazement.

"A steamer!" Maurice repeated incredulously. "Why, where do they keep it, then? Up in the Temple?"

The girl flashed an angry glance upon him, and addressed herself to me.

"They keep it in the Bay of Astrea," she said. "It is on the north side of the island. The High Priest bought it a year ago from a Dutchman, who used to call there and trade for rubies. They ran on shore one night in a gale, and the ship was nearly wrecked. The High Priest would not let the islanders help to rescue it, but bought it as it was. Then they floated it."

"But what on earth do they want with a steamer?" I asked.

"He is going to take rubies to Rangoon and sell them there, or even to Colombo, and bring things for the island. He was to have started directly after the Festival."

"Who was going to do the navigation? Surely none of them understand that."

"The High Priest understands everything," the girl answered. "He has been teaching some of the Astreans every day."

Maurice and I looked at one another. This was an contingency for which we had neither of us been prepared. Maurice took

it more seriously than I did, for he knew more.

"I think," he remarked, "that you will see what the mainsail will do for us. The breeze seems to hold up well."

He strolled away and ascended the bridge. The girl looked up at me anxiously.

"Do you think they will come after us?" she asked in a low tone.

I shook my head.

"Not for a moment," I assured her. "Even if they have the steamer I should doubt whether they can navigate her yet. Besides, it would take at least a day to get her ready. I am sure that you need not be anxious. You will never see the Island of Astrea again."

She drew a long sigh. Very clearly it was not a sigh of regret.

"And now," I said, feeling more at my ease with her now that Maurice had left us, "suppose you tell me your name?"

"Why, yes," she laughed. "How odd. It is Sara Foquonois."

"And your people?"

"I must tell you all about myself," she said gravely. "My father was an American missionary. We came to India twelve years ago, when I was very small indeed. It was the ambition of his life to get into the interior of China. He was years and years trying, but they would never allow him to pass into the country. He left me at Calcutta, with an Englishwoman who kept a small school. It was when I was about fourteen years old that he gave it up, and came back to Calcutta. He worked there for a little time, and then he heard of this place somehow, and decided to come here. I wanted him to bring me, but he would not. He said he must first see whether the people were friendly. He said good-bye to me—it was at night, but I got up and followed him to the ship. We had sailed before I was found among the passengers. Then he had to bring me."

I nodded.

"You were not happy at Calcutta, then?"

She shook her head vigorously.

"No, it was at a school—a cheap school. I was very miserable. The girls and everybody were horrid!"

"And at Astrea?"

"Oh, at first it was just lovely! The freedom and the odd way of living enchanted me. It was such a change. Father had brought presents for them, and they were very civil, and gave us any quantity of fruit and food and flowers. But after he had learnt a little of their language, he tried to preach to them. It was on a Sunday evening, and they all came to listen, squatting round in a circle just outside the hut. Father translated a little from the Bible, and then tried to explain it to them. They were all very attentive, but directly he spoke of a God, old Makao—he was our servant—plucked his sleeve and tried to stop him. It was no good, of course. Father went on, and he finished the service. The next morning he had a message from the High Priest, 'He was welcome to stay upon the island,' the High Priest said, and to teach the natives whatever he would that was useful for them to know, but he must not speak or preach of any God! That was his first and last warning. Next Sunday my father

preached again, though at his first appearance amongst them, with his Bible under his arm, the people fled from him as though he were a leper. Yet there were one or two who lingered and he spoke to them. Before morning it was all over. He was dead!"

"They murdered him," I cried with a little shudder.

She looked up at me sorrowfully, and her eyes were full of fear.

"Do you know how?" she said softly. "Did you hear how they rid themselves of their enemies in the Island of Astrea?"

I shook my head. "No, I have not heard."

She shivered all over, and laid her hand upon my arm.

"There is a breed of serpents terribly venomous, who are only found in the Laurel Grove around the Sacred Temple. One of the High Priest's servants does nothing but look after them. They are fed and tamed so that they never wander away. When there is anyone whom they wish to destroy they first of all keep one of these creatures without food for a day—then they put it into the hut, generally in the middle of the night. No one has ever lived for more than an hour after they have been bitten."

Notwithstanding the hot sun, I felt an icy shiver pass through my veins. Our own escape had been almost marvellous.

"Let us talk of something else," I said. "Let us leave those days for awhile until they lie further behind."

She shook her head sadly.

"No! I want to talk of them now, and then forget—for a long, long while! It was rash of my father, but I am afraid he was almost a fanatic. I prayed to him to go away, and to work somewhere else where there were Europeans, and where we should not be wholly at the mercy of that awful man. But he would not. He hoped to make such an impression on the people themselves that they would not allow the Priest to touch us."

I felt an impulse of sudden anger against him.

"He had no right to expose you to such danger," I said hotly. "The influence of the Priesthood had been upon the people of Astrea for a thousand years. He must have been mad to have attempted their conversion in such a way."

"He is dead," she said simply.

"Ay, he is dead! And you—"

"I am here," she whispered softly, "thanks to you." Her voice shook with gratitude—her eyes were large and bright and soft. I felt a curious little thrill of emotion as her fingers stole caressingly upon mine.

"May I ask—about your mother?" I said, hesitatingly.

"Yes, I had meant to tell you about her. I do not know whether she is living or not. She married my father before he was at all religious—long before he ever thought of becoming a missionary. When he decided to come to China—"

I interrupted her.

"Pardon me! Where were you living then?"

"In America, near Boston! My mother

thought that he had gone mad. She refused to go with him, and they were divorced. I have never heard from her since. I do not think I ever want to see her, or hear from her again."

"Isn't that—just a little hard upon her?" I said hesitatingly.

"I suppose it is. I guess it is. Anyway I cannot help it. I feel like that. She ought not to have deserted my father!"

I had my own ideas as to the desertion, but I did not pursue the subject.

"And your other relatives?" I asked. "Have you any in England or America?"

She shook her head.

"I do not know! I do not believe so. I never heard my father speak of any."

She seemed quite content with the fact. To me, however, it suggested an approaching dilemma.

"Well—but where do you wish to go?" I asked. "We are bound for England."

"I shall go with you, of course," she answered without a moment's hesitation. "I do not want to go anywhere else."

Now for a young man and an artist, I have more than once been accused by my friends of distinct tendencies toward the conventional in certain respects. At any rate her words came like a shock to me. I began to realize that I was engaged in an adventure of a highly romantic description. Undoubtedly I had saved this girl's life. Well, that was rather the fault of circumstances—the thing had been so presented to me that in common humanity I could have found no alternative. It had certainly never entered into my mind that in rescuing her from that unholy bondage I was assuming any very serious responsibilities as to her future. The thing now began to assume a very different light. I thought of our arrival in London, with this girl upon our hands. What were we to do with her? How were we to find her a home? I thought of our mother, stern, unimaginative, a little narrow, a good woman, but a woman of many prejudices. I could see her eyebrows grow higher as we told our story, her lorgnettes raised—I knew exactly in what light she would regard it all. Unconsciously I smiled to myself and then I became conscious that the girl by my side was watching me closely. Her eyes were soft and bright, full of unshed tears, and her lips were quivering. How beautiful she was! I felt suddenly ashamed of my hesitation.

"Of course we shall take care of you, child—at least until one comes who has a better right," I said.

"There will never be anyone else," she said, watching a wave break against the bows. "You saved my life."

Her voice was low, but her eyes, although she kept them half averted, were full of eloquent fire. I felt my heart beat a little quicker, and I realized that it would be necessary for me very soon to lay down some unwritten laws as to our relative positions.

"Perhaps," she whispered, "you are not rich. I hope that you are not. Look here!"

She unslipped her girdle and shook out its contents into her lap. A cry of amazement broke from my lips. A little flood of deep flashing gems fell like a cascade

into the folds of her dress, flashing and glowing in the sunlight as though they were touched by some unholy fire. Gems were there of a size I had never dreamed of. Maurice, who had seen the girl's action, came across the deck with a little cry. She picked up a deep purple stone, the size of a small egg, and held it up to the sun.

"These are the sacred rubies of Astrea," she said. "They are always kept in this girdle. It belongs to the Priest."

Maurice, who was leaning over the back of my chair, burst into a peal of laughter.

"They are the Sacred Rubies of the High Priest of Astrea!"

CHAPTER IX

I SHOULDN'T be at all surprised, old chap, if your gallivanting don't land us in a bit of a mess before we get out of this," Maurice remarked an hour or two later on, blowing a little cloud of tobacco smoke from around his head.

I knocked the ashes from my pipe viciously upon the deck. Gallivanting, indeed! Maurice was such an ass!

"Don't talk such rot," I exclaimed testily. "I did what I was bound to do—what you are any other decent fellow would have done in my place. The girl would have been shamefully used by that blackguard of a priest, and then very likely done to death. There are hideous stories about the way they treat their feast-night victims. It's turned out a bit awkward, I'll admit," I added slowly, "but how on earth was I to know that she meant walking those rubies off? I'd have chucked them back in the Temple if I had seen them."

Maurice shook his head.

"Not you!" he laughed. "At any rate, you'd have been a fool if you had. I think it was a jolly sensible thing of her to do!"

There was a long silence. If Maurice took that view of it, I was certainly not going to be one to contradict him. We were lying stretched out upon the deck in our pajamas. A full yellow moon shone down upon us from a cloudless sky. It was midnight upon the Arabian Sea. Phosphorescent lights blazed upon the smooth, oily surface of the water—the breathless air was still hot, and below, the staterooms were like ovens. We had brought our pillows upon deck, and were lying stretched out in the bows of the vessel, ready to catch the faintest suspicion of a breeze which might come up with the dawn. Even here the heat was so intense that sleep was out of the question. From below came the constant sound of hammering, and the hum of voices. We were lying to, to complete the repairs which our flight from the island had interrupted.

"I wonder how far we have come today?" I asked irrelevantly.

"Barely eight miles," Maurice yawned. "We have never been more than half speed, and we have been tucked up for four hours. Robinson says that he hopes to get full steam up by morning. I don't care whether we go to Rangoon or to Colombo, but I should like to get a bit further away from this beastly equator."

"We must not think of Rangoon," I said

decidedly. "The best thing we can do is to get into European waters as fast as we can steam."

Maurice nodded and turned over on his elbow. Suddenly he sat bolt upright on the deck.

"Listen!" he exclaimed. "Keep quite still."

He rose softly to his feet in a moment, and moved over to the side of the vessel. He stood there for several minutes, his head bent a little forward, his hand upraised. I looked at him in amazement.

"What is it, Maurice?" I cried.

He made no answer. I began to be impatient.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" I exclaimed, "you say 'listen' as though we were in an empty house at Highgate, waiting for burglars, instead of on one of the loneliest seas in the world."

Maurice turned slowly toward me. His face was troubled.

"Do you know that we are five hundred miles out of the track of all steamers?" he said.

"What of it?" I answered.

"Listen!" he said softly.

We both held our breaths. For a minute or two, the deep midnight hush of the ocean seemed to me absolutely unbroken. I was on the point of making an impatient exclamation, then suddenly I heard what Maurice had heard. From far away across the surface of the glistening water—from somewhere behind that black impenetrable veil which shrouded the horizon, came the measured thud, thud of a steamer. We looked at one another.

"That's odd," I remarked quietly, though my heart beat fast.

"It is more than odd," Maurice answered, "I am afraid it means pursuit. Didn't I hear that they had a steamer?"

I nodded.

"Yes! It is a wretched, patched-up old affair though. They bought it from a trading company running to the Philippines."

Maurice listened again intently. Then he stepped on one side and spoke to the watch.

"There is a steamer coming up to us, Johnson," he said "can you hear her?"

"Some time ago, sir," the man answered. "I should have reported her, but I thought you were asleep."

"How far away should you say he was?" The man listened and looked all round. There was not a handful of wind.

"About ten miles, sir."

"I'll take your place for a minute," he said. "Step below, and ask Mr. Robinson how long it will be before he can get steam up."

The man touched his hat and went below. He was back again in a few moments.

"Fires could be lit in two hours, sir," he reported. "We could start half speed soon after that."

Maurice leaned far over the vessel's side.

"We've been showing the green light all along. I suppose," he remarked.

"Certainly, sir!"

Maurice blew his whistle.

"All lights out!" he ordered. "Send the first mate to me."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"To be prepared," he answered shortly. "If that infernal priest and a steamer load of bloodthirsty natives are going to board us, I want to give them a warm reception. I am going to serve out cutlasses and small arms and have the guns mounted. I have a little Maxim there," he added with a complacent motion of his head toward a small gun carriage, "which will sink an ordinary steamer."

"We shall get into a devil of a mess, you know," I said dubiously. "Astrea is a dependency of Siam or Burmah—I am not sure which. If they hoist either flag we shall commit an act of piracy by firing on them. Hanging offence, piracy, isn't it?"

We looked at one another and laughed. In one respect my big brother was a typical Englishman. He loved a row.

"Anyway we'll see whose flag she does fly," he remarked. "If it's one of their own—well, we're on the high seas, and we can never be blamed for resisting them, if they attempt to board us. I don't know about the rubies, though. Perhaps we ought to give them up."

"By all means," I answered. "But the girl! You wouldn't."

"No, I'm damned if I would," Maurice answered heartily. "If they fly all the flags in Europe, we'll keep the girl. The Lord only knows what we are going to do with her, but we'll protect her from that star-gazing priest!"

I held out my hand impulsively and Maurice grasped it. We stood quite still for a moment looking into one another's faces. Maurice's blue eyes were faintly troubled. Some shadow of that dark cloud which we both felt was to come between us at some future time seemed already to have loomed up, if not in effect, at any rate in suggestion.

"I'm beastly sorry to have landed you in this mess old chap," I said.

Maurice laughed cheerfully.

"You need not be," he declared. "I must confess I rather like a row, and this one promises to be unique."

He walked away to give some more orders. The silent deck had suddenly become tenanted by a little crowd of seamen. There was a low murmur of hoarse voices and many signs of activity. Ropes were being dragged across the deck, guns were being mounted in to position, and the first mate's voice shouting orders was every now and then raised above the din. I went below to fetch my revolver and at the head of the gangway I came face to face with Sara.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked quickly. "What is all the disturbance about?"

I hesitated and then I told her the truth. It was best for her to be prepared. Besides, she might be able to give us some information.

"There is a steamer coming up," I said. "We do not know for certain, of course, but we thought that it might be our friends from Astrea. You see we are right out of the course of any ordinary traffic."

She was standing in the doorway, her slim figure sharply outlined against the

Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories

DAVID BELASCO

The premier producer in America finds his favorite in the stirring lines of "Bernardo del Carpio"

In the subdued, mellow light of his studio, high up under the roof at the Belasco Theatre, I have enjoyed inspiring moments with David Belasco, premier theatrical producer of his time. Under the heavy shock of prematurely gray hair, two dark eyes glistened like spotlights as they turned from his favorite trophies of Napoleon's drum and Dumas' desk toward me, with lines spoken softly but clearly:

"My favorite poem comes to me in a floodtide of childhood memories. Early in life I had a desire to speak in school and in my youthful days my preference was for the stirring lines of Mrs. Felicia Hemans entitled 'Bernardo del Carpio.' There is a drama in that poem that fired me with an ambition for the stage.

The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh, break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day:
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from afar, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's blood came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from his like lead,—
He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fixed and white—
He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no sight!

"Father!" at length he murmured low—and wept like childhood then,—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!

He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown,—
He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sate down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now.
My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father, oh! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth!"

"Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
Be still and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this!
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay!"

He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell—upon the silent face,
He cast one long, deep, troubled look—then turned from that sad place;
His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial strain,
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

Can you visualize the master producer of today as a curly-headed lad, reciting these stirring lines?

David Belasco was born in California and spent his early days in a monastery, which accounts for his predilection for clerical garb. Beginning as usher in a theater, he came close to the patrons and listened to their comment. As a result he knows his theater from the front to back stage and top to bottom. As stage manager at Baldwin's Grand, in San Francisco, he made a reputation that brought him to the East.

The first ambition of every stage aspirant is to "see Belasco." His realism is real—real fire-glow in the fireplace—the lighting is studied to the last shadow. This all reflects the rugged sincerity and honor of Belasco to his art.

A. HAMILTON GIBBS

The author of "Soundings" and "Labels" thinks "Marpessa" is one of the most beautiful poems in the English language

"My favorite poem, out and out, is 'Marpessa,' by Stephen Phillips," said the author, A. Hamilton Gibbs, and he added, "To my way of thinking, it is one of the most beautiful things in the English language, and I would gladly devote one year of my life to the writing of something half so good."

This unqualified praise from a man of rare intellect and discriminating taste runs parallel with the best critics who pronounce

"Marpessa" almost perfect diction, "sweet to the mouth and ear." England is proud of Stephen Phillips and says that his work is the finest since Tennyson.

Perhaps it is only natural for Mr. Gibbs to give his preference to work of an English writer, for he was born in London, and was a student at Oxford. He is a member of the distinguished family with three sons producing books. More than that, they have served England most valiantly in war. Phillips Gibbs, after his constructive work and war articles, was knighted.

A. Hamilton Gibbs enlisted as a trooper in the 9th lancers and saw active service in France, Egypt and Serbia, coming out of the conflict with the rank of Major and wearing a military cross. He came to America in 1912 and married the lawyer and author, Jeannette Phillips.

Mr. Gibbs has said of himself as a veteran, "I am one of those young-old persons into whose hands a rifle was thrust with the words, 'Go out and fight, hero!' I was young enough to believe I was helping England by fighting, and I am old enough now to know better." He makes an appeal that children shall not be taught so much flag waving as that they should be taught that not only are they personally born free and equal, but that all men are, independent of race and color.

Besides his magazine work, Mr. Gibbs will be long remembered for his books, such as "Soundings," "Labels," "Cheadle and Son," "Persistent Lovers" and "Gun-fodder."

Extracts are given from the poem of such high idealism, "Marpessa." In the understanding of the verse, it is well to know that Marpessa, being given her choice between the god Apollo and Idas, a mortal, chose Idas.

Wounded with beauty in the summer night
Young Idas tossed upon his couch and cried,
"Marpessa, O Marpessa." From the dark
The floating smell of flowers invisible,
The mystic yearning of the garden wet,
The moonless-passing night into his brain
Wandered, until he rose and outward leaned
In the dim summer; 'twas the moment deep
When we are conscious of the secret dawn,
Amid the darkness that we feel is green.

After Marpessa makes her choice, she says:

So shall we live.
And though the first sweet sting of love be passed,
The sweet that almost venom is; though youth
With tender and extravagant delight
The first and secret kiss by twilight hedge,
The insane farewell repeated o'er and o'er,
Pass off; there shall remain a perfect peace,
Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind,
Durable from the daily dust of life.

Together we shall not greatly miss
 My bloom faded and waning light of eyes,
 Too deeply gazed in ever to grow dim,
 Nor shall we murmur at, nor much regret
 The year that gently bend us to the ground,
 And gradually incline our face; that we
 Leisurely stooping and with each slow step
 May curiously inspect our lasting home.
 Endeared by many a grief, by many a jest
 And custom sweet of living side by side;
 And full of memories not unkindly glance
 Upon each other. Last we shall descend
 Into the natural ground—not without tears,
 One must go first, ah God! one must go first;
 After so long, one blow for both were good;
 Still like old friends, glad to have met, and
 leave
 Behind a wholesome memory on the earth

* * *

RUPERT HUGHES

The popular author gives "Remembered Gardens," by Gwendolen Haste, as his Favorite Poem

"My favorite poem is a thousand poems," said Rupert Hughes, when I asked him for his favorite. "My best loved verse changes with my mood and is the latest good one that I have read. It is often one read years ago that comes back half forgotten, and cannot be quite recalled. But it's all the more beautiful for being beyond my reach."

It is refreshing to learn that a man whose life has been so active and who has given so much creative work to the world still has the "listening ear" for harmony and to follow the thought of the poet as he delves for truth at the heart of things.

Rupert Hughes was born in Lancaster, Mo., in 1872. He attended Adelbert College (Western Reserve) and afterward won a degree at Yale. He became assistant editor of the time-honored *Godey's Magazine*, then editor of *Current Literature* and *The Criterion*. All the while he wrote short stories for the leading magazines.

Not all his time has been spent in literary work, although no doubt he gathered much material for his stirring stories while Captain on the Mexican Border and afterwards as Major of the Reserve Corps.

Before he became so successful as director and writer of motion picture drama, he had won his laurels in authorship of such books as "Clipped Wings," "Empty Pockets," "Destiny" and "Tess of the Storm Country." Among his most widely distributed photo dramas are "True as Steel," "Souls for Sale," and that strong play in which Richard Barthelmess scored such a success, "The Patent Leather Kid."

"I have studied and still study many languages," said the popular author, "and translations from others that I do not understand. Ancient outcries from the Egyptian, the Assyrian, or the Hebrew strike me as very modern and brotherly."

"There are miracles of tenderness and grace in the Greek, the Latin, and in all the modern languages. Old English things come to me and claim deep sympathy. Among the poems that have touched me most deeply is James Whitcomb Riley's sonnet, 'Being His Mother,' the pitiful wail of one whose son is a condemned criminal."

"Pure felicity of expression, even though cheerful as some of Horace's or Herrick's poems, often touches one as deeply as pathos."

"But at the moment the poem that occurs to me as being as poignant and vivid as any is one that has haunted me for years without losing its grip on my heart. It is not only a portrait of bravery in tragedy, but it seems to me an unusual instance of the fact that tears are more apt to be surprised by sudden beauty or joy than by the heaping up of woes. It is entitled 'Remembered Gardens,' by Gwendolen Haste:"

She guessed there wasn't any use for tears
 Because her heart had held them all unshed,
 While, one by one, her little hopes had fled
 Down through those endless, racking, drouth-filled years.

The frozen winter when the cattle died,
 The year the hail bent flat the tender wheat,
 The thirsty summers with their blasting heat—
 She met them all with wordless, rigid pride.

But when, sometimes, the children, in the spring,
 Searching through barren hill and ragged butte,
 Would head her lap with loco-blooms, and bring
 Clouds of blue larkspur and bright bitter-root,
 Then she would run away to hide her pain
 For memory of old gardens drenched with rain.

* * *

FRANK MCGLYNN

The actor who scored a success in Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" finds his cue for heart throbs in James Russell Lowell's "True Love"

At the time that David Belasco was beginning his professional career in San Francisco, Frank McGlynn was a high school boy and cuddled to himself certain ambitions to be an actor. These were submerged for the time after he graduated from the Hastings Law School and spent seven years in thinking over and discussing everybody's troubles and legal tangles. He practised law in San Francisco three years, but the call of the stage severed the Gordian knot that held him to the followers of Blackstone. Putting his diplomas behind him, he started for New York in 1896, and began playing minor roles, but with an irrepressible ambition. He later starred on the road and in stock and in motion pictures, and toured the world in charge of the motion pictures of the Giants and White Sox in 1914.

His great success came when he was called for the title role of Drinkwater's tremendously successful play entitled "Abraham Lincoln." No one can ever forget him in that part. Later he essayed to represent Andrew Jackson in the play "That Awful Mrs. Eaton" and was Ephraim Cabot in the cast of "Desire under the Elms" which provoked such a sensation in New York.

Whether at his home on Riverside Drive or at the Friars Club, Frank McGlynn is the same lovable character that was reflected in his interpretation of Abraham Lincoln. While he had an inclination to repeat the lines of Gray's "Elegy," he stopped short and said:

"Hold on; there is another poem that appeals to me very strongly, and that is James Russell Lowell's 'True Love.' It is

a positive relief to repeat these lines after I have learned a new part with my mind occupied intensely on other subjects. What is more beautiful than this tribute to 'True Love'?"

True love is but a humble, low-born thing,
 And hath its food served up in earthen ware,
 It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand
 Through the every dayness of this work-day world.

Bearing its tender feet to every flint,
 Yet letting not one heart-beat go astray
 From Beauty's law of plainness and content;
 A simple, fireside thing, whose quiet smile
 Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home;
 Which, when our autumn cometh, as it must,
 And life in the chill wind shivers bare and leafless,
 Shall still be blest with Indian summer youth
 In bleak November, and with thankful heart,
 Smile on its ample stores of garnered fruit,
 As when it nursed the blossoms of our spring.

Such is true Love, which steals into the heart
 With feet as silent as the lightsome dawn
 That kisses smooth the rough brows of the dark,
 And hath its will through blissful gentleness.
 Not like a rocket, which with passionate flare
 Whirls suddenly up, then bursts, and leaves the night

Painfully quivering on the dazed eyes;
 A love that gives and takes, that seeth faults,
 Not with the flaw-seeking eyes like needle points,
 But loving kindly ever looks them down.
 With the o'ercoming faith still forgives;
 A love that shall be new and fresh each hour,
 As is the sunset's golden mystery.

* * *

SENATOR JAMES E. WATSON

The Republican leader is partial to Byron as a Heart Throb poet

After swinging his arms aloft in a spirited debate on the floor of the United States Senate, Senator James Enos Watson settled down his seat, wet his lips and sat for some time in a reverie. Absorbing this from the gallery, I said to myself, "This is the time to secure his heart throb." Shortly after, he left his seat and started for his office to sign up the evening mail. There was the usual jovial Hoosier greeting in that mellow voice that had echoed under the glass roof of the Senate chamber. He did not wait for me to complete my query:

"In my young days I was very partial to 'Childe Harold' and many of Byron's poems, and I think perhaps his lines stir me more than any others, for who can even repeat a canto of 'Childe Harold' and not feel a heartfelt exhilaration?"

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music rose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell.

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
 Did ye not hear it?—No! 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.

James Enos Watson was born in Winchester, Ind., in 1864, and his school teacher

early decided that James Watson had a future, because he had made up his mind to attend DePauw University and become a preacher. After graduating, he decided to practice law with his father, Enos L. Watson. Moving to Rushville, he continued to rush matters in a political career, almost before he was old enough to vote, and he had scarcely passed his twenty-first year when he was selected to lead a congressional fight against the veteran William S. Holman, known favorably to the Democrats as the "Watchdog of the Treasury." The wiseacres declared that young Jim would not feel the licking much at his time of life. He made the campaign and won congressional honors in 1895. He has known victory and defeat, but has always had a loyal following. In 1912 he presided at the National Republican Convention, and has been many times favorably urged by his ardent friends as a Republican candidate for President.

In 1929 he was chosen as the leader of the majority party in the Senate, but all this did not interfere with his interest in heart throbs, for he continued:

"It is difficult for me to tell just what poem I like next best, for there is 'Thanatopsis,' Gray's 'Elegy,' and 'Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?' the favorite of Lincoln. For many years I was a great reader of poetry, but lately I have not had time to indulge myself in it, although genuinely fond of any poem that rings true, for I devoured Homer's 'Illiad' in younger days, while Dante's 'Inferno' is always a favorite."

AMBROSE SWASEY

The maker of the Lick observatory telescope inclines toward the sweet pastoral songs of Whittier descriptive of the beauty in earth

If there ever was a man who looks like a poet and has the heart of a poet, it is Ambrose Swasey, who made the lenses for the famous Lick Observatory telescopes. Born in Exeter, New Hampshire, he became a machinist in trade, and although he has received high scholastic degrees from scientific achievement, he is not a college man. With his apprentice associate he went west to Cleveland and the firm of Warner and Swasey was established. They made many of the famous binocular lenses in the world. It was an ideal partnership. The two men began their trade together at adjoining benches and were together till Warner's death. It was one of the most remarkable things of its kind in the country.

Having been reared in the environment of Whittier country, I was not surprised when he responded to the request for a "heart throb" with a verse from the Quaker poet. Mr. Swasey said:

Be with me in mine hours of need,
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn.

"I find that as I get along in years, the lines from the poem 'My Birthday' by the sweet Whittier often come to me, and more and more express my own feelings."

Generous in his help for all sorts of institutions and movements looking toward the welfare of young people making a start in life, Mr. Swasey also built a Y. M. C. A. in Canton, China. He has equipped a number of colleges with observatories. Nor did he forget the town and academy located in his state. Although he never attended Phillips Exeter Academy himself, he is identified with the institution.

What a privilege it was to be with this man who idealizes the poem "My Birthday" on his own birthday, when there were showered upon him the loving greetings and congratulations of his legion of friends, made in a long, busy and triumphal career, typifying American opportunity, which will remain an inspiring example to the youth of the land.

PRESIDENT HARAHAH OF THE C. & O. RAILWAY

A railroad president that routes his Heart Throb to Thanatopsis

"Somewhat somber is Thanatopsis," said W. J. Harahan, prominent railroad official, "but on deeper thought it has a more cheerful spirit. Anyway,—it is my favorite."

Thoughts of "The last bitter hour" must come to every man but no man has been engaged in more constructive work—work that makes for permanence in the upbuilding of the country, than President Harahan. Born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1867, he began his life career in railroads and transportation at an early age, which has brought him to the positions of General Manager and Vice President, now acting as President of the Chesapeake & Ohio. With foresight he realized that cheap, rapid and efficient transportation in modern life makes for the development of the masses. Successful farming depends upon it.

Very important was his appointment as member of the United States Railroad Board of Adjustment. Through a critical period he worked earnestly to help adjust matters that concerned the great labor question and involved every railroad in the country—directly or indirectly.

When I asked for his favorite poem and he gave me "Thanatopsis," I realized that railroad presidents hold closely to sentiment and often possess a fine literary discrimination, endorsed in Mr. Harahan's selection.

"As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth, in life's green spring, and he,
who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and
maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in turn shall follow them.
So live that when thy summons comes, to
join
The innumerable caravan that moves,
To the pale realms of shade where each
shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go, not like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and
soothed
By an unflinching trust, approach thy grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his
couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

FRANK I. DORR

The eminent merchant, creator of "Where U Bot the Hat" finds his inspiration in Gray's "Elegy" in a Country Churchyard

"Be yourself," said Frank I. Dorr, who is really "Raymond's" of Boston, "and you are sure to be individual. Imitate and you become like the common run."

"Where U Bot the Hat" became a sort of slogan and much thought and sound philosophy lay behind its adoption. Mr. Dorr convinces one that he intends to run a store where the common man with little to spend shall feel at ease and catch a spirit of friendliness and good humor. Mr. Dorr chose an unique method, not for business policies; but from principle rather. The saw-mill philosophies that appear in advertising are a part of himself, intended to establish good comradeship. It is opposed to the deckle-edged, gloss-paper pamphlets that abound in choice phrasing, but the old-fashioned wisdom is not easily surpassed. Misspelling does not hide the real depth in his written words; it revives the successful idea of Josh Billings and Artemus Ward and even Will Rogers is building upon humor. Mr. Dorr does not train his clerks to sell, but displays his goods in a way that aids the customer to make up his own mind without "high pressure salesmanship."

"Poetry? I never had much time for that," declared the merchant, "but I often recall verses from Gray's 'Elegy'. I suppose it is the one poem I really love." Its plea for the unhonored, the untutored and the man with undeveloped but noble potentialities, would naturally appeal to a man who tries to fit his store policies to meet the needs of the "everyday" individual.

"But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er un-
roll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Some village Hampden, what with dauntless
breast
The little tyrant of his field withstood,—
Some mute, inglorious Milton—here may rest
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's
blood.

Their lots forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes
confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a
throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Tall, rugged and vital, with the smile of a boy, Mr. Dorr was born near Orland, Maine, almost in sight of Mt. Desert Hills. He has taught school, worked in a saw mill, sold goods on commission and after his association with George J. Raymond continued his policy of buying out stores instead of purchasing through jobbers. "Sold Out to Raymond's" means that all the goods of one establishment are brought to Boston and offered at retail. "Produce good pumpkins and the pies will follow," is one homely bit of philosophy from Mr. Dorr and tells the whole story.



Tickleweed and Feathers



A minister, substituting for a friend in a remote country parish, was greatly surprised on observing the old verger, who had been collecting the offertory, quietly abstract a fifty-cent piece before presenting the plate at the altar rail.

After service he called the old man into the vestry and told him with some emotion that his crime had been discovered.

The old verger looked puzzled for a moment. Then a sudden light dawned on him.

"Why, sir, you don't mean that old half-dollar of mine? I've led off with that for the last fifteen years!"

—*American Mutual Magazine*

Soon after the arrival of his first baby, his wife went upstairs one evening and found him standing by the side of the crib gazing earnestly at the child. She was touched by the sight and tears filled her eyes. Her arms stole softly around his neck as she rubbed her cheek caressingly against his shoulder. He started slightly at the touch.

"Darling," he murmured dreamily, "it is incomprehensible to me how they get up such a crib as that for 99 cents."

—*Kablegram*

Mose: "How fas' can you all go in dat new car?"

Rastus: "Ah's could make two miles a minute 'ceptin' foh one thing."

Mose: "What's dat, boy?"

Rastus: "Ony jes' cause de distance is too long foh de shortness of de time."

—*Patton's Monthly*

In honor of a visit to his plant by the governor of the state, an automobile manufacturer once had a complete car assembled in something like seven minutes.

Some weeks after the feat was heralded in the papers the telephone at the factory rang vigorously.

"Is is true that you assembled a car in seven minutes at your factory?" the voice asked.

"Yes," came the reply. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," said the calm inquirer, "only I've got the car!"

—*Kablegram*

Teacher (to new boy)—What's your name?

New boy—'Erbert 'Arris.

Teacher—Always say "sir" when you are speaking to a master. It's more polite.

New boy (apologetically)—Sir 'Erbert 'Arris.—*Pearson's*.

"Do you mean to say," asked the magistrate, "that such a physical wreck as your husband gave you that black eye?"

The woman smiled proudly.

"'E wasn't a physical wreck, your worship," she said, "till 'e gave me that black eye."—*Army and Navy Journal*

"Were you a slave, Uncle Tarr?"

"Nussah, Cuhnel; but 'bleeged to yo' for de 'terrygation, dess de same, sah. I isn't old enough. Ise been mar'd fo' times; dat's what makes me look all disintegrated dis-uh-way, sah."

—*Kablegram*

"Do you know how to find the horsepower of a car?"

"No."

"Easy—just lift the hood and count the plugs."

—*Patton's Monthly*

She: "You remind me of the ocean."

He: "Wild, romantic, restless—?"

She: "No, you just make me sick."

—*American Mutual Magazine*

"Yes," said the old man, "I have had some terrible disappointments, but none stand out over the years like one that came to me when I was a boy."

"Some terrible shock that fixed itself indelibly in your memory, I suppose."

"Exactly," said the old man. "When I was a boy I crawled under a tent to see the circus, and I discovered that it was a revival meeting."

—*Kablegram*

Mrs. Pest (chatting over back fence): "We're going to be living in a better neighborhood soon."

Mrs. Nextdoor (confidentially): "So are we."

"What? Are you moving too?"

"No, we're staying here."—*Hearty Laugh*

"I heard today that your son was an undertaker. I thought you said he was a physician."

"Not at all, sir. I said he followed the medical profession."—*Vancouver Province*

"Well," reported the new salesman, swinging jauntily into the office, "I got two orders from Toughnut & Co., today."

"Fine, fine!" exclaimed the sales manager enthusiastically.

"Yep. One order to get out and the other to stay out."

—*Patton's Monthly*

The pretty young kindergarten mistress had been telling her pupils all about the winds, their power, different effects, and so on. "And children," she went on enthusiastically, "as I came to school this morning on the top of the 'bus something softly came and kissed my cheek. What do you think it was?"

"The conductor!" cried little Mabel promptly.

—*The Crescent*

The Motorist—Are you hurt?

The Pedestrian—I don't know till I've seen my solicitor.

—*Montreal Star*

"Madam," said the hungry tramp, "could you give a fellow a helping hand whose occupation is completely gone?"

"What was your occupation, my good man?" inquired the kindly housewife.

"I used to step on lighted cigars and smoulderin' cigarettes so they wouldn't set ladies' skirts on fire."

—*American Mutual Magazine*

Consider the case of Mrs. Day, whose daughter, Theresa, thought to play an "April Fool" joke.

Bursting into the parlor where, on the afternoon of April 1, Mrs. Day was entertaining "society dames," Theresa exclaimed excitedly: "Oh, mama! There's a strange man in our kitchen! I peeped through the key-hole—an' he has Mary, our maid, on his knees, an' he's pettin' her an' kissin' her!"

Excusing herself, Mrs. Day started for the kitchen, to put an end to such carryings-on in her chaste household. Whereupon Theresa danced up and down in glee, crying:

"April Fool, mama! It's no strange man at all. It's only papa!"

—*Kablegram*

Museum guide—Now I will show you Balaam's sword, the one with which he intended—

Visitor (interrupting)—But, if you will excuse me in correcting you, sir, Balaam had no sword; he only wished he had.

Guide—That is so, but this is the very sword he wished for.—*Cleveland Press*

The bridegroom was in a poetic frenzy as he strolled along the seashore. "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll," he recited to his bride. "Oh, Gerald," she exclaimed, "how wonderful you are. It's doing it."

—*The Crescent*

George H. Carter, as Franklin's Successor

The sage and philosopher was appointed Public Printer to the Colonies in 1730, and George H. Carter became the executive head of the Government Printing Office in 1921, which now leads the world in the development of the Art Preservative

ENTERING the wide portals of the Government Printing Office in Washington, I always feel that I am approaching the world center of the Art Preservative. Here the tides of words from the debates in Congress and ponderous phrase known as "official utterance" are focused in type for the printed page. Archives are made up of the documents that flow from this building day and night as sources of authentic information. Uncle Sam's Print Shop is not only the largest in the world, but is regarded as a model of efficient operation by the craft all over the world.

On the second floor above the marble stairway I found Hon. George H. Carter, U. S. Public Printer, hard at work, and was impressed with something I had just found out that sent me on a quest to visit the official successor of Benjamin Franklin. An old record had revealed to me that the "Public Printer for the Colonies" in 1730 was none other than the patron saint of printing with the modest initials, "B. F." Franklin was an official factor in preserving the public records in a manner worthy of his craft. The bronze tablet at Franklin's grave in Philadelphia, recording the epochal incidents of his notable life, reveals that he was by royal mandate of a British king decreed the printer supreme of America. This gives the office of Public Printer a unique pioneer official distinction, antedating all other colonial government departments that evolved into the later governmental machinery of the United States of America.

Appointed by President Harding in 1921, Mr. Carter has already served a decade. It was appropriate that Harding Hall, named for the first printer President, should have been first opened under the Carter administration in 1922. It was the result of improvements in the Public Printing Office instituted during the incumbency of George Carter. It was remodeled and re-dedicated in 1930. Upon taking office he began utilizing every opportunity in a determination to make his work something more than a mere official job. The old loft was transformed into a hall and lunch room. From a modest beginning, under the direction of the employees, was evolved the beautiful auditorium known as Harding Hall. The adjoining cafeteria, electric kitchens, recreational rooms, and apprentice school, have been created out of a huge garret that was for years a dusty storeroom.

The enthusiasm in this work has been reflected in the production of the depart-

ment with closely co-ordinated direction. The Government Printing Office employees have become like one large family. In the first Harding Hall they began holding entertainments, celebrating the holidays with appropriate exercises. Here plays, lectures and all sorts of entertainments were given to large audiences.

The new Harding Hall contains an impressive bas relief of the former President, an appropriate keynote of the interior decorations. As I entered the new hall on opening day, filled with fellow crafts-

the government. The energetic work of the young clerk impressed the members of Congress and especially the Joint Committee.

The capable young man from Iowa had enlisted the enthusiastic co-operation of the employees as well as the members of the Committee in making the Government Printing Office a real production print shop. His appointment by President Harding, himself a printer, was itself a tribute to the qualifications of George H. Carter, for Senator Harding, as a member of the Senate Committee, was personally familiar with the capacity of the clerk to get printing done right.

Facts and figures in reference to the Government Printing Office under the Carter administration glow with interest. Indicative of the results of the Apprentice Training established in 1922, to say nothing of the Tests and Technical Control, the production of an average day runs into figures that suggest astronomical calculations—that would astound old-time printers.

Established in 1861, the present Government Printing Office now occupies twenty-two acres of floor space, with buildings costing over \$5,000,000. Over 4,900 people who are now directly allied to the craft receive compensations aggregating over \$10,500,000 every year—the most extensive print shop payroll in the world.

With a modesty befitting one who still carries the "printer's rule," George H. Carter, born in Mineral Point, Wisconsin, in 1874, is directing affairs with the same energy with which he set his first "stickful" of type at LeMars, Iowa. He "followed through" with every detail of his trade from composition to proof-reading. At the age of twenty-four he found himself a state news editor of the *Daily Tribune* at Sioux City, Iowa. From that time on advancements came in swift succession, covering a wide range of newspaper experience as a printer. As Chairman of the United States Permanent Conference on Printing in 1921 and as a delegate to the International Congress held at Gothenburg, Sweden, he noted the broad scope of his field from a world-wide perspective. There is little going on in the realm of printing and the Art Preservative with which Uncle Sam's present Public Printer is not familiar. In his annual reports are charts of the growth in production in a print shop. They reveal the "why and wherefore" of improvements and tests, noting experiments made with all sorts of paper, new inks, and type mater-

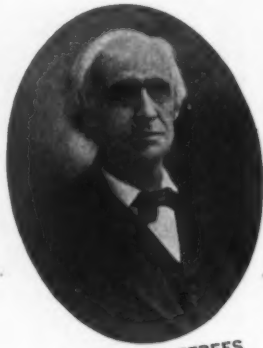


George H. Carter, U. S. Public Printer

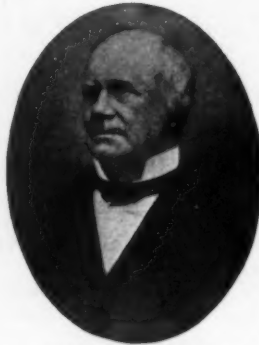
men, it seemed as if Warren Harding himself were present with the old-time printers. How he would have rejoiced with them on this occasion, marking the triumphal achievements of the Art Preservative and the important part it is playing in the development of the nation.

The Government Printing Office is an independent executive department, controlled by a committee from the House of Representatives and the Senate known as "The Joint Committee on Printing." Young George Carter became the clerk and the Committee began to function at high speed, saving hundreds of thousands of dollars for

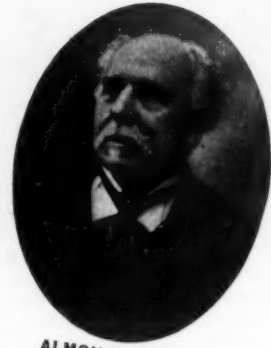
FORMER PUBLIC PRINTERS



JOHN D. DEFREES
1861—1869
1877—1882



CORNELIUS WENDELL
1855—1867



ALMON M. CLAPP
1869—1877



STERLING P. ROUNDS
1882—1886



THOMAS E. BENEDICT
1886—1889
1894—1897



FRANK W. PALMER
1889—1894
1897—1905



CHAS. A. STILLINGS
1905—1908



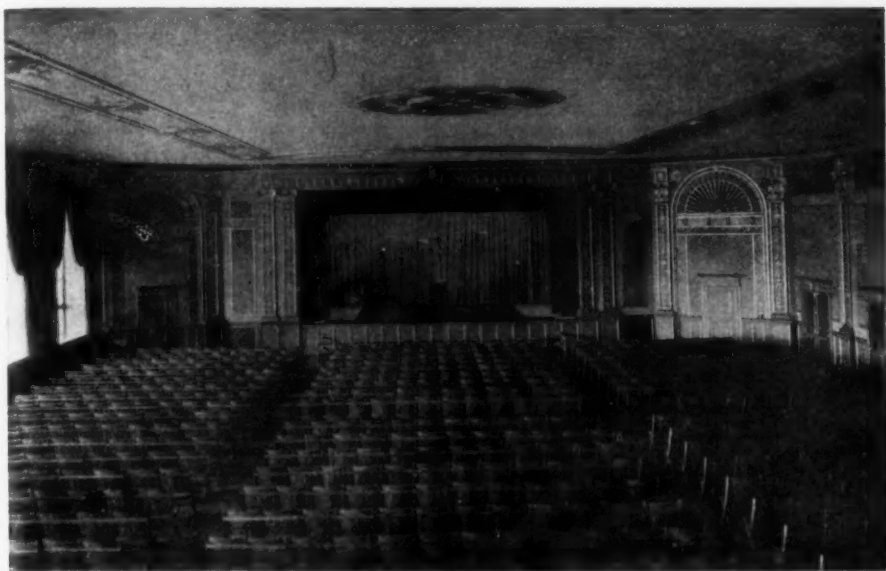
JOHN S. LEECH
1908



SAMUEL B. DONNELLY
1908—1913



CORNELIUS FORD
1913—1921



An interior view of the Harding Memorial Hall

ials. Comments of various trade papers and reports from the craft all over the world indicate achievements that make the history of the progress in modern printing here made to read like a romance.

* * *

In welcoming the delegates attending the International Advertising Association Convention at Washington, Congresswoman Ruth Hanna McCormick confined almost her entire speech in a tribute to the efficiency of the Government Printing and to the work of the Government print shop as an essential foundation in the development of advertising. She gave information that was startling even to men who considered themselves well posted in printorial production.

A recent address of President Hoover stated that "organized research gives daily improvements in machines and processes, emphasizing the fact that both scientific discovery and its practical application are the products of long and arduous research."

A summary of Mr. Carter's talks on his work includes an impressive array of subjects handled: "Necessity of Research," "Importance of the Printing Industry," "Co-ordinated Action," "Elimination of Waste", "Standardization of Materials." George H. Carter's discussions of these topics are so practical that they might constitute in themselves a post-graduate course in the printer's trade. The example and development of the Government Printing Office have had a widespread influence on the industry. This office served not only as a shop for Uncle Sam's printing, but has been a great help to all printers in solving problems that have so long baffled the craft of the country: how to make a shop pay profits to the hardworking craftsmen who struggle enthusiastically under the magic of "seeing things in print"—preserving records for posterity without thought of pay in the present.

When George H. Carter took the oath of office, he met the challenge of the Feder-



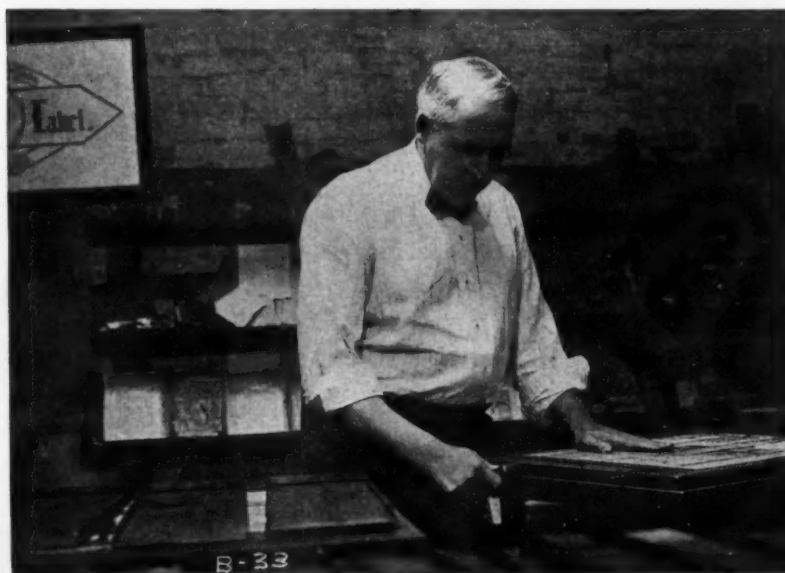
The U. S. Government Printing Office of today

ated American Engineering Society that "printing and publishing industries are the most wasteful of six prominent industries." The waste ranged from 29 to 64 per cent and printing was declared an average waste of 58 per cent. A more recent survey indicates that there are more than thirty-four thousand printing plants in the United States. The Government Plant was not among the establishments surveyed that led to the indictment of the printing industry for gross wastage. The importance of printing is indicated when we find it ranking fourth among the major industries of the United States. It is credited with adding a total of two billion, eight hundred and eight million dollars to the value of materials used in the year 1927, bringing it a close third to the manufacture of food and kindred products, which were in turn exceeded only by the manufacture of textiles and machinery. It is fifth in the amount of wages paid and sixth in number of wage earners employed.

These facts were gleaned from an address Mr. Carter made at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, a veritable "keynote speech" of that notable gathering, where he proved that printing is not like paving bricks and is not subject to the same laws of standardization. As a painter or sculptor must have freedom to express his art with brush or chisel, he insisted that the printer must continue to manifest his talents with type and paper, but that practical procedure must obtain in mechanical production.

The tremendous output of the Government Printing Office enables Mr. Carter to give interesting and helpful suggestions to the printing craft, just as the Agriculture Department does to farmers, each department being able to improve the welfare of the industry.

Continued on page 315



The late Warren G. Harding at the imposing stone in the Government Printing Office

HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

with NIXON WATERMAN

'Tis well for the poor, conceited guy
Who—who knows why?—has single tarried,
To muse, "What a model husband I
Would have made some woman if I had married!"

Not Enough for Both

In the getting of work, as in everything else,
It's "the longest pole knocks the persimmon,"
And it isn't Fate robs lots of men of their jobs
It's the bright, snappy, competent women.

Fifty-Fifty

The way to be happy
Is to have a good heart,
And a good liver, too,
Plays a pretty big part.

But, Oh! that "If"

There's many a boasting man we see
Who would surely make a mighty splash
In the monetary world if he
Could coin his hot air into cash.

Lively Times Ahead

For the "Wets" will keep it—between us two,—
Of snap and sizzle will have its share,
The campaign that next year is due,
From becoming a very "dry" affair.

Mother's Helper

The rate at which women are grabbing the jobs
It won't be long now until, maybe,
The wife will hold forth at the office, b'gobs!
While poor hubby's home 'tending the baby.

A Growing Need

The hasty way in which pairs are tied
They are bound to be mismatched,
And each wedding certificate should be supplied
With divorce coupon attached.

Getting at the Bottom of It

Since divorce is now sought as a lark or mere prank
By triflers, some say that it would
Help a lot if the judge would apply a warm spank
Where he feels it would do the most good.

The Upper Tens

Folks in the higher circles soon
Will all own planes, we can venture that;
And you'll have to buy a plane and fly
To become an a-e-ro-ris-to-crat.

The Old, Old Story

One owned a garden and one owned hens,
And between the lots was a rickety fence
And—Why tell more since of course you know?
It was old stuff thousands of years ago.

Ain't It the Truth?

Looking backward o'er life's pathway
We must candidly confess
We have not at looking forward
Been a genuine success.

The Last Chance

"Take Time by the forelock"
But do not despair
If Fortune permits you
To clutch its back hair.

The Fatal Gang

The sober man can drive his car;
The real drunk man can't try it;
It's the "drink or two" "safe" lushers who
Kick up a sorry riot.

All Too Often

The plane and auto are in a race
To see which one shall hold first place.
As each attempts some sorry caper
And lands on the front page of the paper.

The Sorry Truth

"The early bird catches the worm," is the saw
We all have so frequently heard;
But just twixt us two it is equally true
That the early cat catches the bird.

The Way Out

"If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two."
But it is possible, of course,
That it might be severed by a divorce.

One Trouble Removed

There was a time when we thought it shocking
For a modest girl to show her stocking,
But that cause of distress will all be gone
When she doesn't have any stockings on.

Absolute Temperance

An aviator will prove a "flop"
Unless he is made to understand he
Must never take a single drop
Without his parachute is handy.

Something Should Be Done

"Should a man propose to a girl on his knees?"
In viewing the question a doubt has risen;
The answer depends on whether he's
On his own knees or she's on his'n.

"Wet" or "Dry"?

In next year's lively party war
How shall you vote, can you foretell?
And will you wear a camel or
A corkscrew on your coat lapel?

New Light On Mount Vernon's History

Continued from page 298

standing that she be permitted to rest by him. Plans for two crypts were talked of, and a keeper remained on duty at a salary of \$2,500 a year until President Lincoln abolished the office. A second attempt was made by Congress in 1832 to have his remains removed to this crypt, but his will prevented it. The plan failed; heroic women saved Mount Vernon; and the crypt is now used for storing the bier for our national dead."

These are but glimpses into the rich reservoirs of fascinating history in Miss Lowther's book. So long as Americans retain a reverential remembrance of the first President and his associations, this volume should continue to hold its appeal. Its strict scholarship, blended with a human sympathy, sets it apart from the usual treatise. Washingtoniana has profited much from the labors of Miss Lowther, incorporated within the pages of this book.

Why Roy W. Howard Won the N. Y. World

Continued from page 295

That's Howard. Thoughtful and considerate of the young, a relentless driver of the more seasoned.

Men in the Scripps-Howard organization like him most of the time, although there have been moments when some of them would have liked to poison his soup.

Scripps-Howard took over *The Telegram* four years ago. The job of gathering together a staff was yet to be done. A few men who had been reared in the Scripps-Howard organization were sent to the editorial rooms to do the best they could under the circumstances. One of these men, eager for increased circulation, bought a fiction story. He assigned a man to do the promotional work. Two days before the story, a serial, was to start, Howard's eye fell on some of the promotional matter. From it he got the impression that the story was too risqué. He got on the phone the man who had bought it.

"What do you mean," he said, "by running an off-color story in the New York *Telegram*?"

"Why, Roy, that is not off-color."

"Then what do you mean by misleading the public, through your advertising matter, into believing that it is off-color?"

"How long is this thing to run anyhow?" he asked.

"About 40 days."

"Can't you cut it down so that it can be finished in two weeks?"

"Yes."

"Then cut it down so that it can be finished in one week."

There was a chore, with the first installment due to start in 48 hours. But it had to be done. The job of cutting was assigned to a man who worked on it 36 hours without sleep.

But the story never ran in *The New York Telegram*. Roy Howard, aboard a train bound for the west, stopped off at a station long enough to wire the managing edi-

LOCAL TELEPHONE SERVICE ONCE COST

\$ 240 A YEAR



In 1879, the New York telephone directory was a card listing 252 names. There were no telephone numbers, nor any need for them. When you telephoned, you gave the operator the name of the person you wanted. Service was slow, inadequate and limited principally to people of wealth. The cost of a single telephone was as high as \$240 a year.

Today, you can talk to any one of hundreds of thousands of telephone users for a fraction of what it then cost for connection with less than three hundred. Every new installation increases the scope and value of the telephones in your home or office.

Twenty-four hours of every day, the telephone stands ready to serve you in the ordinary affairs of life and in emergencies. In the dead of night, it will summon a physician to the bedside of a sick child. Men

transact a great part of their business over it. Women use it constantly to save steps and time in social and household duties. In an increasing number of ways, it helps to make this a united, more active, more efficient nation.

Simply by lifting the receiver you become part of a nation-wide communication system that uses 80,000,000 miles of wire, and represents an investment of more than \$4,000,000,000. Yet the cost of local service is only a few cents a day.

Subscribers who look back over the month and consider what the telephone has meant to them in convenience, security and achievement are quick to appreciate its indispensable value and reasonable price.

Frequently you hear it said—"The telephone gives you a lot for your money."

★ AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY ★



tor: "Kill the ——— serial. You can't compromise by running just a little bit of filth."

Hard? Yes. And soft, in spots, or on occasion.

The hard Roy Howard is the same one who has dug down into his own pocket to help staff members who, through sheer foolishness, have gotten themselves into financial distress; who has provided hospital care for the sick; who has sent men abroad when they were tired; who has forgiven the sins of sinning members of the Scripps-Howard family.

Perhaps his outstanding quality is naturalness. He does the things that are natural for Roy Howard to do. He says the things that are natural for Roy Howard to say.

It is said of him that, by word of mouth, or by letter, he gets everything out of his

system while it is fresh. I am not so sure about that. Sometimes I wonder whether he does not restrain himself, after all; whether he is not irked by the fact that the race he runs, fast though it is, is not too fast to satisfy him.

Countless columns have been published about him, in magazines and in newspapers. I have read most of these columns, yet none of them quite seemed to catch the man as I see him, after 25 years of association. Even I have wanted to poison his soup occasionally. Yet I have been willing to storm the highest peak with him. I like him for his squareness. His geniality, at times, is a tonic. His keen sense of humor makes of him a pleasing companion. But I am not trying to pin any wings on him. Roy Howard would look like hell with wings.

Rabbi Harry Levi of Temple Israel

Continued from page 300

ways and see" bids Jeremiah, "and ask for the old paths, where is the way that is good and walk therein and ye shall find rest for your souls." Mark you! "Ask where is the way that is good." Ask it of the old, ask it of the new. Seek it, and finding it, follow it loyally. So "shall ye find rest for your souls."

Discussing "The Mediator" in an address at a Sunday morning service at Temple Israel last year, Rabbi Levi described in this way a fundamental tenet of his faith:

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The greatest thing in the world is love. God is one. Mankind is one. Only a great love, product of divine vision, a self-sacrificing love that finds its rich reward in the joy it gives and the blessing it scatters, can make men understand and try to achieve the unity which is theirs if they wish it. Blessed, thrice blessed the messengers of God who, doing His bidding,

make friends of those who otherwise would be enemies, who unite all the peoples of the world, in the last analysis of one flesh and blood, who help them see that as God is one they are one, and who assist them out of their common acceptance of the Fatherhood of God, to develop an equal recognition of and a loyalty to the truth of the Brotherhood of Man.

Rabbi Harry Levi has done noteworthy work in the field of writing. For five years he held the editorship of "Jewish Comment," printed in Baltimore, and today is a contributing editor to "World Unity." He has co-operated in the writing of several books, including "Field of Social Service", "Boston Preachers' Effective Preaching", "If I Had One Sermon to Preach on Immortality", and "The Free Pulpit in Action." In 1900 his first book was published, called "Jewish Characters in Eng-

lish Fiction," when he had been but three years out of college. A collection of his sermons, named "The Great Adventure," which was eagerly awaited and warmly endorsed by Jews and Christians alike, appeared in 1929. His latest book has just been published, sponsored by the Brotherhood of Temple Israel. This new collection, entitled "A Rabbi Speaks," includes a dozen addresses that Rabbi Levi has delivered over the radio on Sunday mornings, and it has evoked the enthusiastic acclaim of book critics. One reviewer concluded his commentary in this manner: "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man" is the Jewish creed, and no one can doubt after a reading of this volume that Temple Israel has a devout disciple and a brilliant exponent of that belief."

A Daughter of the Stars

Continued from page 304

dark background. At my words she trembled from head to foot. With a sudden movement forward she caught hold of my hand and looked eagerly up into my face.

"You will not give me up," she gasped; "you are not thinking of that? Promise."

"We will go to the bottom of the sea first," I answered fervently. "We are getting ready to fight them now. But I am not at all sure that it is you whom they want. They have more cause for anger against me. Then there are the rubies."

She sighed.

"Shall I have to give them up?" she asked ruefully.

"It may be desirable," I answered.

She sighed again. After all, she was only a child.

"Well, I will give them to you to do what you think best," she said. "They are all here. Will you have them?"

"Not yet. Keep them for the present, only have them ready. Do you remember anything else you have heard about this steamer of theirs?"

She looked thoughtful.

"It is much larger than this," she said; "but it is much more clumsy and very difficult to manage. They have only had it out of the harbor once, and then they were three days bringing it in again. The coal they have on the island is not good."

"Are there any guns?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"None. It is very slow, too. Why do we not get steam up and go faster? I am sure that they could not catch us."

"Unfortunately we are disabled," I told her. "It was because of a slight accident that we put into Astrea at all. They are just finishing the repairs now, though. Very likely we shall be able to start before they come up, and then we shall run right away from them! Hadn't you better go to your cabin?"

"No, I want to come on deck," she answered, linking her arm through mine. "Let me, please. I could not possibly sleep,

and I am so lonely. That is why I came to look for you."

We made our way to a quiet corner and looked down the deck. The long swivel gun had just been mounted, and by its side a small, quick-firing maximum. Maurice was busy giving orders and was in high good-humor. In a minute or two he came to us.

"She is coming up bravely," he declared. "Do you see her light, there to your left?"

We looked over the vessel's side. There was a blue light astern coming steadily up to us. The girl looked up at the stars and smiled.

"Tonight," she said, "they will dare anything. They will think themselves sure of success. There is not a cloud in the sky."

"Even now," Maurice remarked, "they will have to hurry up, or they will find us gone. Robinson has just sent word up that the fires are lit."

He walked away again, and the girl drew closer to me. Her face seemed very white and serious in the wan light.

"I want you to promise me one thing," she whispered.

* I nodded.

"Well!"

(To be continued)

An Ex-Slave Who Knew Lincoln

Continued from page 299

attitude is one of profound respect toward the Great Emancipator. In her "Author's Note" we find this testimonial: "Yet the 'Pitiful High Heart' of him found time in it to comfort a young negro mother and—as afterward disclosed—to plant deep in her heart the seeds of a dauntless all-conquering courage, before the record of which I bow my head and heart."

Honoring Washington's 200th Birthday

Continued from page 291

ton, but the problem remained as to which was the most suitable for general circulation during the year 1932, the Two Hun-

dredth Anniversary of George Washington's Birth.

The portrait paintings of Washington range in quality and skill, and in the ages at which they depict the great subject. One painter caught him at the age of forty; another when he was sixty-three. Outstanding among them all are the likeness by John Trumbull in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York (age 48), that by Peale in the New York Historical Society (age 63), and the "Athenaeum" and "Channing Gibbs" by Gilbert Stuart (age 63). All are favorites.

But the final choice was dictated by the fact that the Houdon bust is not only a masterpiece from the angle of art, but is the most faithful as a likeness, since Houdon modelled it from exact measurements of Washington while he was a guest at Mount Vernon, invited there for the purpose. For further exactness in making his Bust, Houdon also took a life mask of Washington's face, which he used in correcting his finished work. The difference between the mask and the bust is simply the difference between the impression of a face in repose, and one instinct with life as only the touch of the artist could impart that spark of vitality.

This choice of the best representation of the real George Washington will surely be satisfactory and popular. If there is one likeness of Washington as well known as the famous Gilbert Stuart Washington, it is the Houdon bust. And the bust has the advantage of a more faithful and realistic adherence to Washington's features.

The making of this bust is in itself an interesting page from our history. In 1784 soon after the close of the Revolutionary War, the Legislature of Virginia voted a statute of General Washington to be of "the finest marble and the best workmanship." After much discussion and correspondence, in which Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin took part, the famous French sculptor, Jean Antoine Houdon, was chosen to execute the work.

He arrived at Mount Vernon in October, 1785, and immediately set to work. Wash-

Continued on page 315

Honoring Washington's 200th Birthday

Continued from page 314

ington, himself in one of his diaries, gives a minute account of the sculptor's methods in mixing the plaster to be used in the model. He even submitted to the disagreeable experience of having a life mask made, lying prone while the plaster was spread on his face and allowed to dry. For further accuracy in the likeness, Houdon made careful measurements of Washington's head and figure.

The sittings covered three days, and a most interesting fact accounts for the "toss" which Houdon gave to Washington's head—a posture which certain critics have objected to. It seems that during the sittings, Washington had indignantly declined a bargain offered him by a horse-dealer, and his attitude so struck Houdon that the sculptor immortalized it in his bust. Certainly the resulting likeness gives to Washington a look at once spirited, dominating, self-reliant, as if the whole world were at his bidding. And it is precisely as we, his descendants, would have him.

Now the Houdon Bust will be made the most frequent and familiar representation of the Father of His Country, since George Washington Bicentennial Commission will use it in all its plans and preparations for arousing the nation to full reverence and appreciation of Washington during the nine-months' Celebration which the Commission is organizing for 1932, when two full centuries shall have passed since humanity produced one of its greatest sons and gave him to America and to the world.

George H. Carter, as Franklin's Successor

Continued from page 311

It is a far cry from the ten thousand dollars authorized by Congress in 1794 for "Firewood, stationery and printing" (wherein "firewood" was indicated as one of the trinity of destructible and combustible matter). In the century and a third since that time, the printing bill of Uncle Sam represents an annual payroll reaching into millions while the paper used runs considerably over another three millions, to say nothing of fifty thousand tons of metal used in type setting machines. The picture of ten thousand octavo pages floating through the proof room every day to be read, indicates something of the continuous product of Uncle Sam's print shop. The U. S. Public Printer is in fact the world's largest book seller, as he distributes over sixty million publications every year and maintains a stock of thirty millions on hand, which includes books and pamphlets on every subject of human interest.

The proof of this print shop's "making money" is indicated in the fact that they print two hundred and twenty million money orders with a potential value of one hundred dollars each. Not a single money order has been lost or stolen during the twenty-one years that this work has been done. If advertisers were looking for space in the Congressional Record, they might be interested in knowing that it costs fifty

dollars a page to print, so that the congressman can console himself that his speech "with leave to print" was not so expensive after all, as long as the circulation of the sedate "C. R." remains thirty-four thousand copies every day that Congress is in session.

To give a list of the organizations of which George Carter is a member in good standing would be to give a small catalogue in itself; but, best of all, he gives attention to the matters outside that have a direct bearing upon improving the methods of public printing. In this connection Uncle Sam was awarded a certificate for a meritorious exhibit at the International Book Fair held in Florence, Italy, and has received gold medals at numerous exhibitions. It would seem as if Mr. Carter had personally inspected many important printing and binding establishments in the work, seeking ideas for Uncle Sam's shop, as well as giving them out to other shops in the country.

Again referring to Franklin as his illustrious predecessor, it would seem as if few Public Printers since the days of the publisher of "Poor Richard's Almanac" have been so honored as George H. Carter. Commendation comes not only from his customers in the various departments at Washington but also from eminent printers like J. Horace Macfarland of Harrisburg, Pa., whose article was printed in the *Caxton Magazine* of London, a fitting tribute to the present Public Printer. It reflects the opinion of those best informed as to the details and requirements of printing as a trade and art:

"In Washington there operates the largest print shop in the world, that owned by the Government of the United States, doing the multifarious things in printing required in the carrying on of the greatest print shop in the world. The man who has lifted it to the highest plane in its existence, who has in it set up models of execution, of economy and of human relations, is George H. Carter."

Walter J. Kohler of Kohler Village

Continued from page 294

liberal appropriations made for schools and roads and other projects.

Walter J. Kohler believes in that co-operative and constructive helpfulness that has blossomed into a model community surrounding a factory.

As a lad he used to camp and picnic on the grounds where now stands the village bearing his name. The area includes the "old swimming hole" and other haunts of childhood. With the faculty of enlisting the interest and enthusiasm of others, he thoroughly enjoys working together, in both avocation and vocation. His gray eyes sparkle with kindness. His clean-cut features and incisive questions evidenced keen faculties for fact-finding.

In 1927 two scholarships, each with an endowment of ten thousand dollars, were established by members of the Kohler family so that a deserving boy and girl graduate of the Kohler High School are recruited every year for the student body of the Uni-

versity of Wisconsin or one of the other higher educational institutions of the State.

One of his favorite poems has to do with children, for "Little Boy Blue" by Eugene Field is a poem that always touches his heart.

Associated with Mr. Kohler in his enterprise are his brother, Herbert, and three sons, John M., Walter J., Jr., and Carl J. The fourth son, Robert E., is now in his junior year at Yale. Mrs. Kohler continues her valuable work of inspiring an interest in art in the schools of the state which honored her husband by electing him Governor of their native Wisconsin.

That They May Not Have Died in Vain

Continued from page 288

that threshold on Armistice Day by the father, aged in these twelve years as he tenderly put on the pin she wore overseas this past summer while visiting the graves of sons asleep in their blankets "over there"—the jewels of Armistice Day.

These were the lads who in the mud trod the duckboards and bravely fought not only the enemy but the cooties. When my friend at Bouc was observed brushing these ubiquitous pests from his coat, I asked him, "Well, Jack, getting rid of them are you?" "Oh, no," he replied, "Just taking 'em as they come!"

This was the good-humored philosophy of the doughboy reflected in the battle-cry that rang out from billet to billet in France, "We'll stick to the finish."

And they did!

It is that finish that we celebrate today, and yet it only marks the beginning of a new era of understanding that *must* and *shall prevail*—they have not died in vain—insuring peace of the world.

Armistice Day has had its ceremonies such as commemorate the memory of those who paid the supreme sacrifice and remembered those who faced the same fate—but now live on with us. Who will ever forget the convention of the American Legion in Boston this year? They have made Armistice Day a roll call of Patriotism and respect for the Flag under which they served. As a holiday it means something more than merely ceasing work with a flippant jest of "another day off."

In the sanctuary of their hearts every man who wore the khaki, every individual who lived during the dark days of 1917 has a deep sense of fervent gratitude that the titanic, bloody struggle and black clouds of death and disaster that hung upon the horizon have passed, inspiring a reverent prayer in the depths of our hearts, to the God of nations.

But see their memory is slain

Long ere their bones are dust.

Turn back to Kipling's lines written by this same hand—the great battle cry of humanity, that rings on through the ages as a fitting prayer for each recurring Armistice Day:

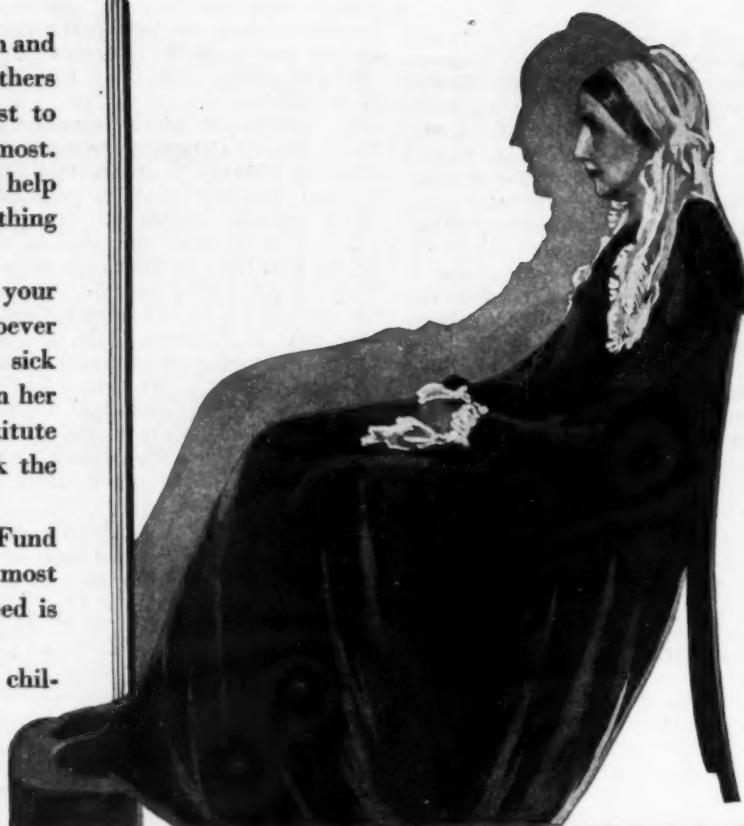
The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart.
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

IN times of financial depression and unemployment, widowed mothers and orphaned children are first to suffer—and silently, they suffer most. Thousands of them today need help—money help—for food and clothing and creature comforts.

It is for them that we ask your help this Mothers' Day. Whatsoever your mother would do for a sick neighbor or hungry child, do in her name for unemployed and destitute mothers and children who lack the comforts and necessities of life.

The Golden Rule Mothers' Fund will be distributed through the most efficient agencies where the need is most acute.

Give for mothers—for their children—the gift that will make them happiest.



A "GOLDEN RULE" MOTHERS' DAY

National Committee, Golden Rule Mothers' Fund

Mrs. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.....	Honorary Chairman
Mrs. JOHN H. FINLEY.....	Chairman
Mrs. EDGERTON PARSONS.....	Secretary
Miss Jane Addams	Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen
Mrs. J. G. Agar	Miss Ellen F. Pendleton
Mr. Merlin H. Aylesworth	Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker
Mrs. Clifford W. Barnes	Mrs. Daniel A. Poling
Commander Evangeline Booth	Mr. William A. Prendergast
Mrs. S. Parkes Cadman	Mr. Frank Presbrey
Hon. Arthur Capper	Mrs. Thomas J. Preston, Jr.
Gov. Norman S. Case	Mrs. William Gorham Rice
Hon. James J. Davis	Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin
Mr. Robert W. DeForest	Mrs. J. T. Rourke
Gov. Joseph P. Ely	Mr. Oliver J. Sands
Gov. Louis L. Emmerson	Mrs. Albert Shaw
Hon. Hamilton Fish, Jr.	Mrs. Robert E. Speer
Mrs. Charles W. Gilkey	Mrs. William Dick Spierberg
Mrs. Henry V. Gillmore	Mrs. Silas H. Strawn
Mrs. Walter W. Head	Mrs. Henry A. Strong
Mrs. Charles S. Macfarland	Mrs. Arthur H. Sulzberger
Mrs. Walter H. Mallory	Miss Lillian D. Wald
Mrs. M. C. Migel	Mrs. J. P. Weyerhaeuser
Mr. William B. Miller	Gov. George White
Mrs. William H. Moore	Hon. Ray Lyman Wilbur
Major General John F. O'Ryan	Miss Mary E. Woolley

IN HONOR OF MOTHER—HELP OTHER MOTHERS

To The Golden Rule Mothers' Fund Committee
Lincoln Building, 60 East 42nd Street
New York, N. Y.

I hereby subscribe..... Dollars
to the GOLDEN RULE MOTHERS' FUND, to be applied
by the Committee where most needed, unless specifically
designated below.

Signed.....

Address.....

This gift is to be recorded in the name of.....

and used for.....

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO THE GOLDEN RULE FOUNDATION
MARKED FOR "GOLDEN RULE MOTHERS' FUND"

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED

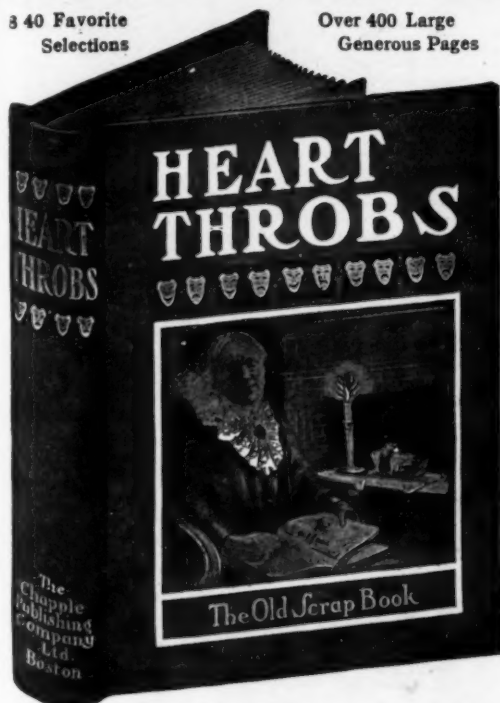
Heart Throbs Heart Songs

340 Favorite
Selections

Over 400 Large
Generous Pages

Over 500
Pages

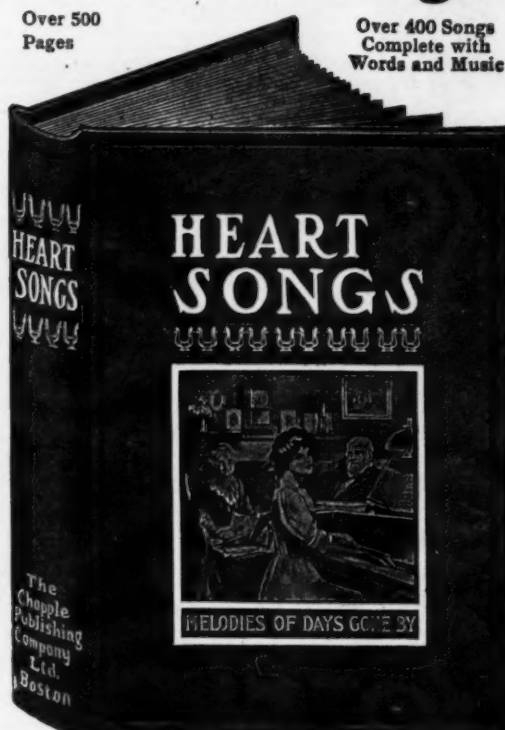
Over 400 Songs
Complete with
Words and Music



The most popular gift-book ever published. A volume for the fireside and the quiet evening hour

Price \$2.00

Limp Covers, Gilt Top, \$3.50



The volume with a soul!

The companion of the piano!

Price \$1.50

Use This Order Blank

Check the books you want

Heart Throbs, Vol. I...	\$2.00
Heart Throbs, Vol. II...	2.00
The Happy Habit...	1.75
Heart Songs...	1.50
Heart Songs Deluxe...	3.50
A' top o' the World...	1.50
History Making...	1.75
The Poets' Lincoln...	1.50
The Minor Chord...	1.50
The Guest of Honor...	1.50
Stick to the Finish...	2.25
Warren G. Harding, Our After-War President...	3.50
National Magazine...	3.00
Vivid Spain...	4.00
To Bagdad and Back...	6.00
Our Jim...	2.00
Lava...	2.50
Favorite Heart Throbs...	2.50
Face to Face with Our Presidents...	2.00

Date.....193

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING CO.,
Boston, Mass.

Enclosed find \$....., for which send me by mail, prepaid, the items I have checked above

Name

Street and No.....

P. O. Box.....

R. F. D. Route.....

City..... State.....

A NATION-WIDE SELLER

Joe Mitchell Chapple's New Book, "Favorite Heart Throbs," Reviewed in a New York Dispatch, Broadcast by the United Press to Newspapers All Over the Country

The UNITED PRESS sent out the following dispatch from New York concerning this noteworthy new book "Favorite Heart Throbs."

"Joe Mitchell Chapple of Boston, writer and publisher, who has 'looked into the hearts of 50,000 people,' has collected poems for a book called 'Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People.' An amazing array of notables have confided in Chapple.

"President Hoover's favorite, 'The Fisherman,' from Ed-

die Guest's 'Just Folks,' recites a conversation between two men who met 'along a stream that raced and ran' in ear-shot of 'the pipes o' pan' and admired each other's trout.

'Out here,' he told, with a smile,
'Away from all the city's sham,
The strife for splendor and for style,
The ticker and the telegram,
I come for just a little while
To be exactly as I am.'

JUST THE BOOK for a GIFT♦♦♦

Now comes a new and greater thrill for the lovers of the "HEART THROB" BOOKS!

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON

Chapple Publishing Company
952 Dorchester Avenue
Boston, Mass.

Please send me copies of "Favorite Heart Throbs" at \$2.50 per copy.

(Name)

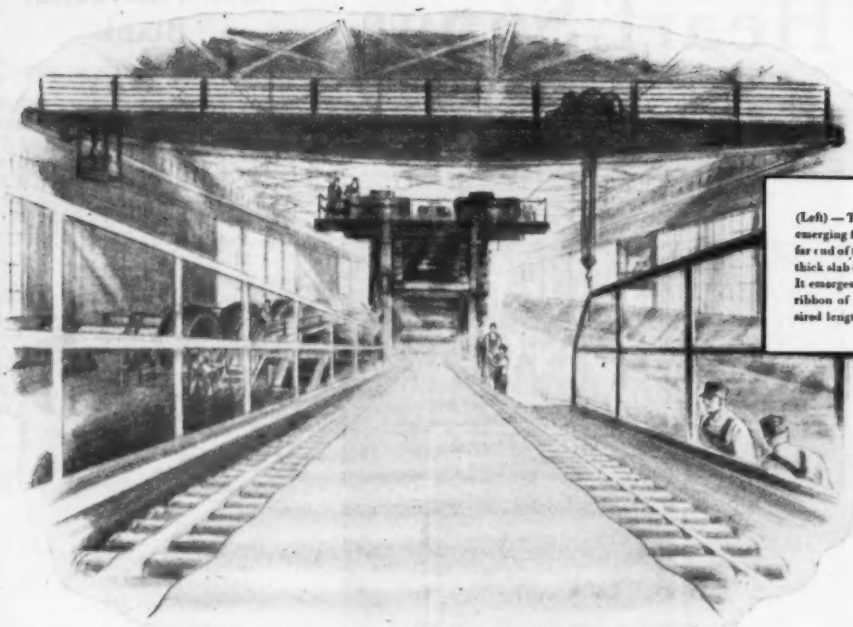
(Address)

"Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People" is just what it says—the poems which have touched the hearts of famous people. It includes intimate, inspirational heart to heart biographic sketches by the author.

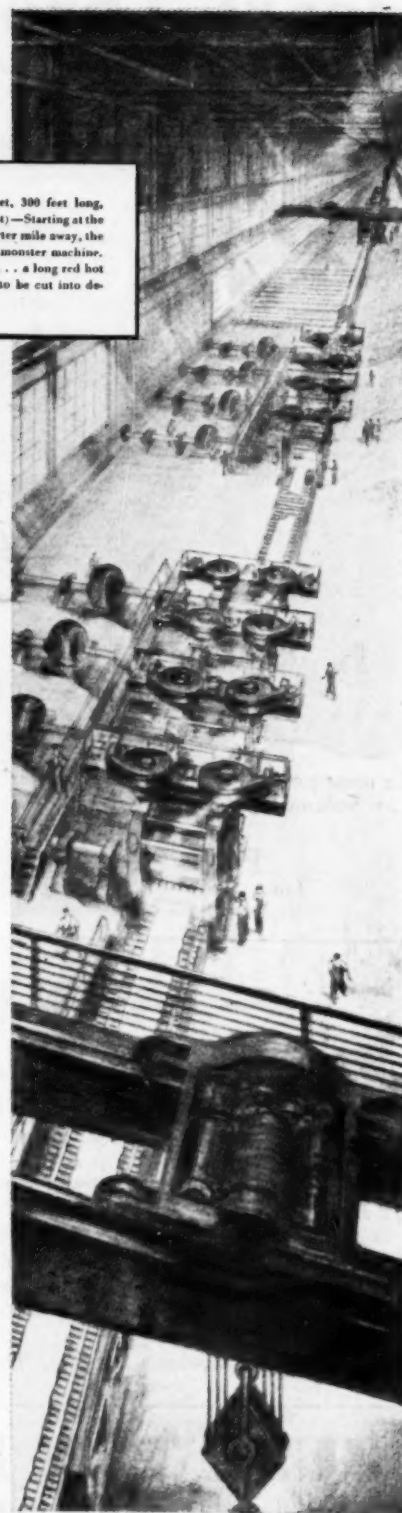
JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

When you read "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People," you look into the innermost recesses of the hearts of many eminent men and women of this generation.

The friendly book that fascinates with personal interest



(Left) — The continuous sheet, 300 feet long, emerging from the mill. (Right) — Starting at the far end of this building, a quarter mile away, the thick slab of metal enters this monster machine. It emerges in the foreground . . . a long red hot ribbon of thin metal, ready to be cut into desired lengths.



A 200 year old dream of the steel industry COMES TRUE!

A CONTINUOUS MILL...taking huge blocks of white hot metal through one set of rolls after another... reducing them to long, thin ribbons...cutting them into sheets of required size... For almost 200 years this has been the dream of America's iron and steel industry.

And now this dream has come true . . . it stands as another contribution by *Armco* to the nation's industrial progress.

Up to a few years ago, the method of rolling metal sheets was the one introduced in this country in 1749. Millions had been spent in trying to roll sheets by a more direct method without so many intermediate steps, so many reheatings and handlings. But failure met every attempt. Finally, after years of building and rebuilding machinery, of rolling and discarding metal,

Armco perfected the first successful continuous mill process!

Editors and technical men have hailed it as the greatest contribution to iron and steel making practice in recent years.

And today, leading mills throughout the world are either making sheets by this new process or are adapting their equipment to do so.

Armco was also the first to produce a low cost rust-resisting metal (*Armco* INCOG IRON.) *Armco* was the first to develop a sheet base that would take and hold a porcelain enamel surface.

Every *Armco* sheet is of special analysis...special finish . . . or special degree of hardness or softness. Each sheet is metallurgically adapted to best serve its special purpose.



WHENEVER you see this Triangle upon a product made of sheet metal, it means that the manufacturer of that product has gone to the expense of using special sheets designed to best serve that particular use.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY

Executive Offices: Middletown, Ohio

Export: The Armco International Corp.

Cable Address: "Armco—Middletown"

PRODUCERS OF

ARMCO IRON AND STEEL
SHEETS
FOR EXACTING PURPOSES

TO MANUFACTURERS: — In your plants and equipment, or in the products you make, sheet metal of special analysis finish or temper will frequently reduce your depreciation or your costs of manufacture, and at the same time make a

better, more salable product. Whether it is a problem of rust resistance, electrical properties, forming, finishing or special processing . . . our development engineers will gladly consult with you without obligation. Your inquiries are invited.

The Steinway *ebonized baby grand in a Colonial interior designed by Allen Saarburg. A Steinway of this size and power—at \$1475—is an extraordinary value. Calculated on the basis of cost per year it is the most economical of all pianos. It is the ideal instrument for the home. Its ebonized finish harmonizes readily with any interior, and its size is such as to conserve floor space and still retain that beauty and breadth of tone which a true grand piano ought to have.*



"Prelude in C Sharp Minor," *Painted for the Steinway Collection by Boris Anisfeld. In this familiar Prelude Rachmaninoff has brought a stirring Russian theme to vivid realization. Its sombre chromatic progressions and its vivid moments of dramatic intensity distinguish it as one of the most brilliant and original of modern compositions. . . . In commenting on his interpretive painting Mr. Anisfeld writes: "I saw in my imagination the four horsemen, famine, sickness, war and death. . . . After the havoc that they had wrought, comes peace, and life is started anew. I interpreted this as maternity, which never ends, but goes on forever."*

In a recent letter sent to Steinway and Sons, Sergei Rachmaninoff said: "I am very happy to have the opportunity of using your pianos for my concerts because I consider them to be perfect in every way."



The preferred piano among musicians everywhere ... yet well within your means

IT IS SURELY significant that amid the countless musical issues, upon which scarcely two artists or critics seem to agree, the pre-eminence of the Steinway not only stands undisputed, but actually gains in authority.

More than a day was needed to achieve such an enviable standing all over the world. It has been built up by four generations of the Steinway family on a foundation of fine craftsmanship and constant technical improvement. Almost every major advance in piano design and construction since 1853 has been originated by Steinway.

To have produced an instrument so technically perfect—so eminently gratifying in tone, sonority and power that it has won virtually every

noted musician from Liszt to Rachmaninoff—that is the achievement of the house of Steinway.

The reputation born of this achievement has led too many people to believe that such an instrument must of necessity be beyond the reach of moderate means. As a matter of fact a Steinway may be purchased on unusually convenient terms. Being an instrument that assures *a whole lifetime of perfect service* it is obviously the wisest choice from the standpoint of economy.

A first payment of so little as \$147.50 will place a Steinway Grand in your home *at once* and the balance may be distributed over a period of two years. Such conditions place

"The Instrument of the Immortals" within the means of almost every one.

There are many sizes and models from which you may make your selection. But there is only one quality of Steinway.

A new Steinway Upright piano can be bought for **\$875**

GRANDS \$1475 and up
plus transportation

10% down *balance in two years*

Used pianos accepted in partial exchange. If there is no Steinway dealer near you, write for information to

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
109 West 57th Street, New York

STEINWAY THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

Press and Critics Pronounce "Vivid Spain" A Super- lative Book

Elaborately Illustrated with 30 Rare Etchings by Levon West

The Portsmouth Herald, N. H.: Joe Mitchell Chapple, the world-renowned editor, lecturer, and traveler, has just written a book, "Vivid Spain," which is enjoyable from cover to cover in which he brings out the enchantment of romantic old Castile.

Dispatch, Columbus, Ohio: Nothing in the book line that has appeared lately is more fascinating than this book of travel of Joe Mitchell Chapple. To those who have been to Spain, it will be a revelation of how much can be represented in words of what has actually been experienced and to those who have not been there it is an amazing proof of what delightful things can be laid before him without any suggestion of guide book or cicerone. Nor does he become too familiar with kings and popes and tell them where to head in as do so many of the lesser fry. Joe Chapple-writes as he talks and there is not a Rotarian in the world who will not recognize his genial tone. He takes you by the hands and says: "Come and see with me." Aside from the meat that is in the text (it is full of it) the book is beautifully illustrated by original drawings and etchings by Levon West.

Catholic Historical Review: Under the striking title "Vivid Spain" Joe Mitchell Chapple presents a book containing a notable record of impressions received during two rather comprehensive tours through Spain and Morocco. It is an attractive and informative volume bristling with episodes of a country whose appeal is entrancing.

The Providence, R.I., Journal: As a foreword to his very attractively bound book, Mr. Chapple explains that it is "our record of appreciation—a simple volume with no other purpose than to have the reader share the joy of our many happy days in Vivid Spain." A multitude of etchings by Levon West—all these, with the graphic descriptions of the enthusiastic raconteur, help one to realize that, in very truth, Spain is redolent of romance and tradition.

Northwestern, Oshkosh, Wis.: In his incomparable book, "Vivid Spain," Joe Mitchell Chapple takes you into the very heart of Spain, carrying you over its highways and Lyways, and conducting you into its remotest regions. He introduces you into the courts and palaces of kings as well as into the humble homes of the peasantry.

The Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.: The author from "The Attie" in the great America city of New York pays the following greeting to this far-famed and much-talked-of country: "Spain, Vivid Spain! Redolent of romance and tradition, what fantastic visions you have conjured in the minds of alien peoples since the Phoenician navigators first sailed in the shadow of the Pillars of Hercules!" The author's appreciation of the beauties of this far-away country is presented in this beautiful volume in which he so generously asks that his readers share with him the joy of many happy days in Vivid Spain.

Detroit, Mich., Free Press: Embellished with original etchings and drawings by Levon West, this book on Spain is written by a man who went forth seeking romance and found it. He is not concerned with the drab side of life but with its colorful aspects. Architecture, the gaiety of the people, the art and artists of Spain, the national institutions, the king—all the high spots and the bright places he makes vivid for the reader.

New York World: Really good travel books are rare indeed. Joe Mitchell Chapple in sunlight and by moonlight, grave and gay, smiling and thoughtful is Joe Mitchell Chapple, stout, good-natured, and unquenchably American. He was unquestionably in Spain, and one fancies he enjoyed himself enormously. His book is breezy and informal, chatty and informative.

The Milledgeville, Ga., Times: There are two classes of people—those whose life holds the unspeakable joy of at least one visit to the continent, and those who can only dream of going. For both classes we enthusiastically recommend "Vivid Spain." It is the best book on the travel shelf this season.

The Dispatch, St. Paul, Minn.: About all things he is interesting and informative in his casual, journalistic manner. If you have shunned the travel book as something ponderous and statistical, you may take this one up without fear. It is as off-hand as your own conversation, but—perhaps—better.

The Banner, Nashville, Tenn.: In his book, "Vivid Spain," Joe Mitchell Chapple has presented a gorgeously colorful picture of that land of color and bull-fights, dark-eyed senoritas, and other things equally engaging. The book has some enticing etchings and drawings by Levon West. "Vivid Spain" is an altogether appropriate title for this pleasing glimpse of the country, the King, Dictator, the customs, habits, manners and general history of the people.

The Herald, Boston, Mass.: Mr. Chapple makes it the breezy and unconventional chronicle of a leisurely ramble through Spain, and every page sparkles with the anecdotes of his experiences and of his contacts with everybody from the King and Prime Minister down the social scale. Mr. Chapple not only covered Spain very thoroughly, but flew across to Africa in an airplane, and had no end of experiences denied the ordinary tourist.

Salt Lake, Utah, Tribune: In "Vivid Spain" Mr. Chapple reminds us that Spain should mean more than that to us, since to America Spain stands in the light of a foster-mother, and, as latest claims will have it, is that of the Castilian country. History, legend, bits of local color, interesting and humorous incidents of their travels mingle in Mr. Chapple's narrative with pleasing inconsequence.

Schenectady Gazette, New York: The book, "Vivid Spain," is pleasant in its rambling conversational manner and at the same time is truly a picture of an unknown land. It is in no sense a guide book, but it seems like one that would please a prospective traveler in the land of air castles, or make another want to travel there.

Minneapolis, Minn., Daily Star: It is the story of a delightful ramble through sunny Spain by an author who has eyes and knows how to describe what he sees without permitting himself to become monotonous.

Honolulu Star Bulletin: Spain vividly described in word and line. Vivid, vivacious, virile—vibrant with life, color and personality, strong in atmosphere and compelling in interest—such is Joe Mitchell Chapple's "Vivid Spain." The book is beautifully illustrated with 30 original etchings by Levon West and 34 Photographs, beside two exquisite color pages.



Now open

New York's newest mid-town hotel, offering for the first time a new standard of luxurious hotel accommodations at truly moderate rates.

Centrally located to all theatres, shops and business

1000 ROOMS
1000 BATHS
RADIO in every room
SINGLE from \$2.50
DOUBLE from \$4.00
SUITES from \$7.00

Special Rates for Permanent Guests
BANQUET FACILITIES for 1200

HOTEL EDISON

"a hotel worthy of its name"

228 West 47th Street
just West of Broadway — New York

WILLIAM F. THOMANN, Manager
Telephone PEenn. 6-8600

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

of National Magazine, published monthly at 952-956 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass., required by the act of August 24, 1912.

Note—This statement is to be made in duplicate, and both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post-office.

Name of— Post-Office Address
Publisher, Chapple Publishing Company, Limited, Boston, Mass.
Editor, Joe Mitchell Chapple, Dorchester, Mass.
Managing Editor, M. L. Osborne, Wollaston, Mass.
Business Manager, Will H. Chapple, Newton Highlands, Mass.
Owners: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Chapple Publishing Co., Ltd.; Joe M. Chapple, Boston, Mass.; Will H. Chapple, Newton Highlands, Mass.; John C. Chapple, Ashland, Wis.; Bonnett Chapple, Middletown, Ohio; M. B. Chapple, Ashland, Wis.; Estate E. P. Sawyer, Oshkosh, Wis.; Estate C. F. Pfister, Milwaukee, Wis.; W. H. Thayer, Boston, Mass.
Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: G. M. Dodge Estate, Council Bluffs, Iowa; W. H. Beck Estate, Washington, D. C.; J. G. Zeiler, New York City, N. Y.; J. O'Brien Armour Estate, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Adeline P. Choate, Ashland, Oshkosh, Wis.; William Hodge, New York City, N. Y.; Brantford Trust Co., Brantford, Ont.; J. W. Cochran Estate, Ashland, Wis.; J. H. Strongman, New York City, N. Y.; Estate, Mrs. Florence E. Foster, Newton Highlands, Mass.

WILL H. CHAPPLE, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 13th day of April, 1931.
Lawrence S. Beare, Notary Public.
[Seal] (My commission expires September 5, 1935)

LOVERS OF ESPAÑA! THIS IS THE BOOK FOR YOU!

Vivid SPAIN

THE FINEST ILLUSTRATED WORK ON ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING REGIONS IN ALL THE WORLD....?

by

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

Profusely Illustrated with etchings
and drawings by LEVON WEST

Reviewers have used such terms as these in referring to "Vivid Spain:" "incomparable," "beautiful," "fascinating," "keenly interesting," "an artistic treasure."

A Gift Book

Without a Counterpart

IN THIS BOOK the author takes you into the very heart of Spain, over its highways and byways, and conducts you into its remotest regions. He introduces you into the courts and palaces of kings and into the humble homes of the peasantry, a panorama of castle, cathedral, tower, public building, edifice, a medley of Spanish and Moorish art.

Winston-Salem, N. C. Journal: "Vivid Spain" is one of the handsomest volumes that has yet come into this reviewer's hands.

New York World: Really good travel books are rare indeed. Joe Mitchell Chapple in sunlight and by moonlight, grave and gay, smiling and thoughtful is Joe Mitchell Chapple, stout, good-natured, and unquenchably American. He was unquestionably in Spain, and one fancies he enjoyed himself enormously. His book is breezy and informal, chatty and informative.



New York Times: "Vivid Spain" by Joe Mitchell Chapple is profusely illustrated. Original etchings and drawings by Levon West add interest to the book, as do also the color reproductions of two Sorolla paintings of the dance from the collection of the Hispanic Society of America. For good measure, many interesting photographs are added. Mr. Chapple's enthusiasm for everything Spanish is contagious. His style gives the impression that he is representative of the type of care-free, jolly American whose broad and persistent smile carries him through every circumstance and where angels fear to tread.

The Boston Pilot: As an artistic treasure, "Vivid Spain" merits an honored place upon the bookshelves.

The Charlotte, N. C., Observer: Each chapter is vivid and full of color.

Post Dispatch, St. Louis, Mo.: Joe Chapple, the distinguished widely known Boston editor, relates in an intimate way, just as he might tell it as he smoked his after dinner cigar, and with the characteristic dash and finish of which he is master, he makes his word pictures live.

New York Sun: A well-written account of the scenes, traditions, and personalities of a country previously neglected by the American traveler, but now yearly attracting more interest. It is illustrated with half-tones and some excellent etchings.

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Ltd.,
956 Dorchester Avenue,
Boston, Mass.

Enclosed please find \$.....for which send
me.....copies of Vivid Spain at four dollars a copy

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

YOU CAN ESCAPE
THE MASK OF AGE



"DON'T GROW OLD"

warns John Boles



JOHN BOLES, Universal, whose excellent singing voice and fine acting ability have made him one of the screen's most popular stars, tells you what he considers woman's most priceless possession.

*Learn the complexion secret 98% of
the famous screen actresses know*

"NOWADAYS no woman need be afraid of birthdays," John Boles says. "Charm isn't by any means measured by years!"

"One of the most alluring women I know is . . . But it wouldn't be fair to tell! No one would ever guess—and she's admired wherever she goes.

"These days not only stage and screen stars but hundreds of other women, too, have learned a very important secret of allure. YOUTH is recognized for the priceless thing it is . . . complexions are kept glowing."

★

"To keep youthful charm, guard complexion beauty," the fascinating actresses will tell you. "Keep your skin temptingly smooth, alluringly aglow!"

The actresses famous for their charm the world over use Lux Toilet Soap, and have for years. So well-known is their preference for this fragrant, beautifully white soap that it is found in the-ater dressing rooms everywhere.

In Hollywood, where 605 of the 613 important actresses use it, Lux Toilet Soap is official in all the great film studios.

Of the countless Hollywood, Broadway, European stars who use this white soap, some have the fine-grained skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin.

Whatever *your* individual type may be, you, too, will find Lux Toilet Soap the perfect soap—so neutral, so bland is its effect on the skin.

EVELYN LAYE, co-starring with John Boles in a recent picture, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful."



LUPE VELEZ, Universal's effervescent star, says of this white soap: "It keeps my skin like velvet."



Youth LUX Toilet Soap..10¢
The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap